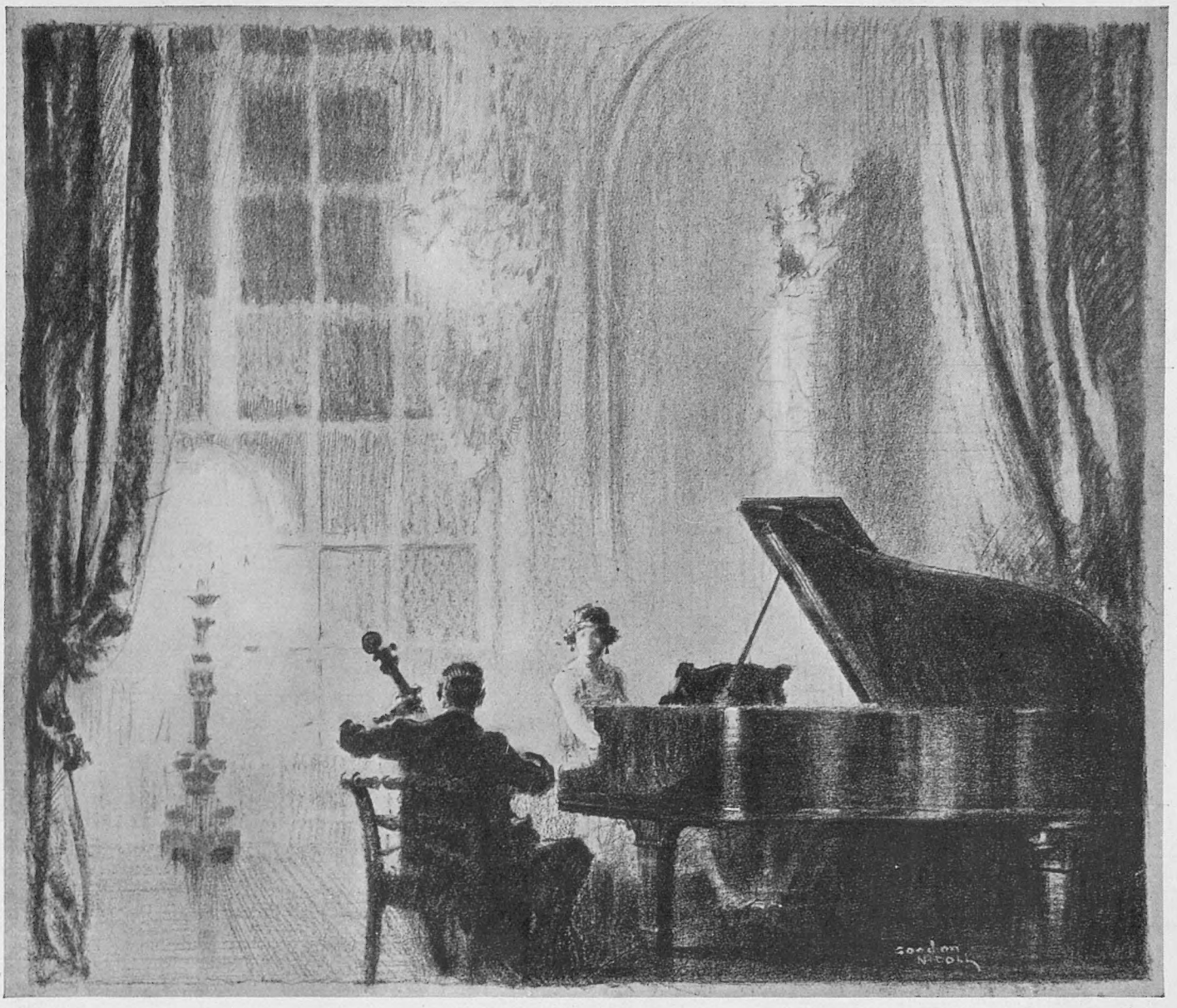

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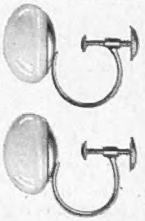

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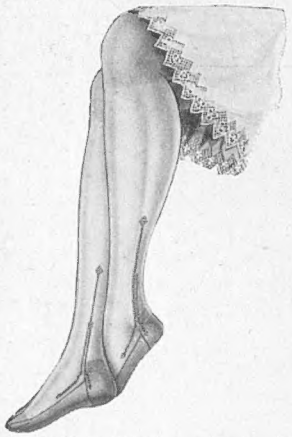

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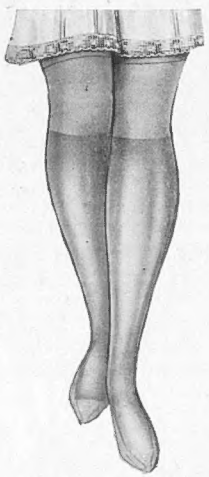

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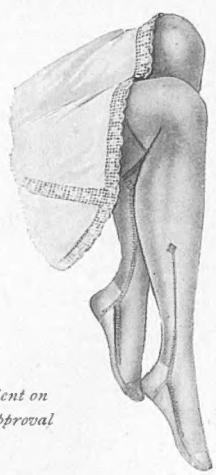

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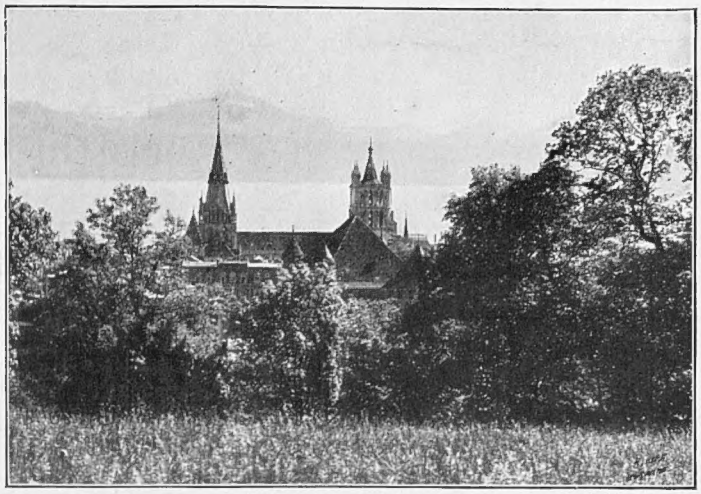

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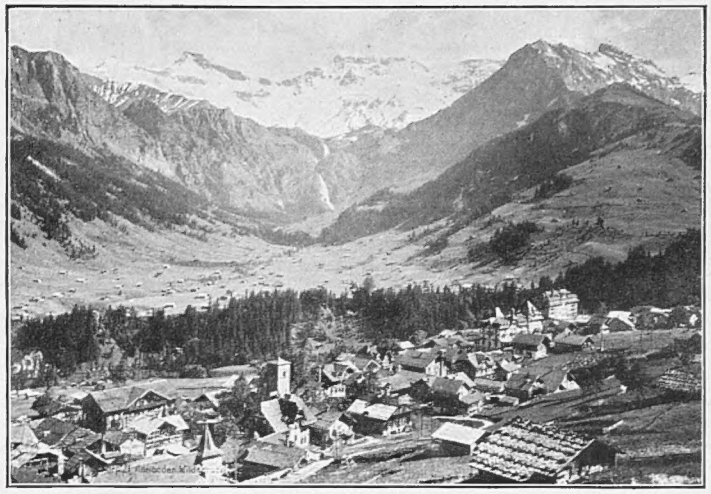

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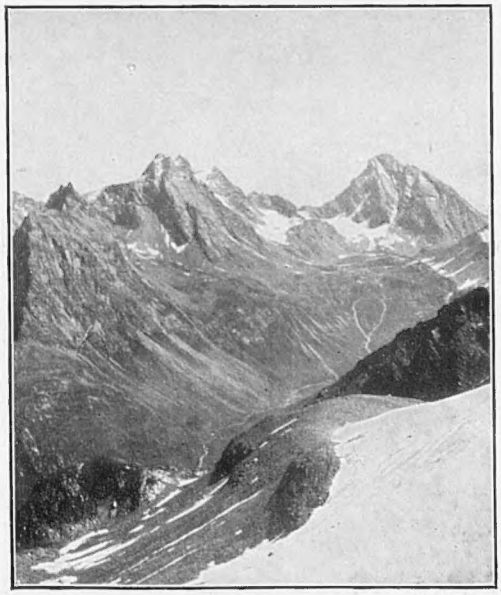

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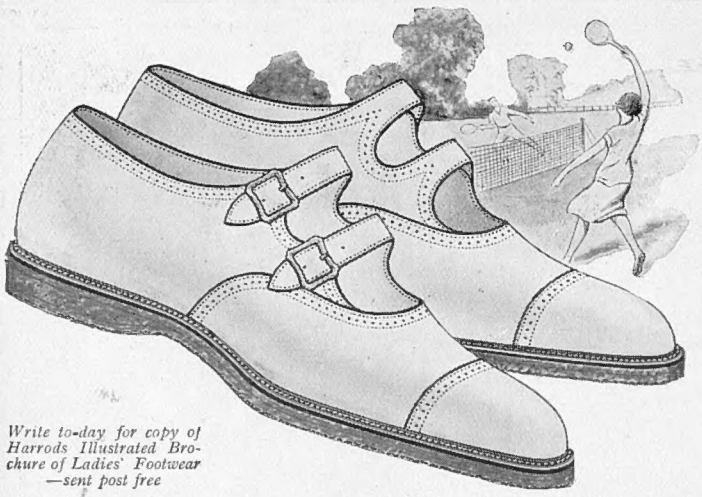

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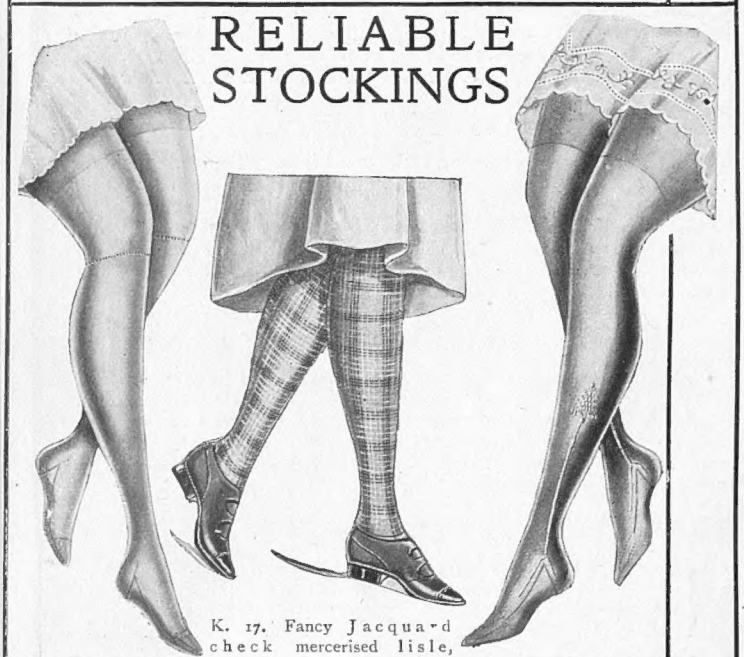

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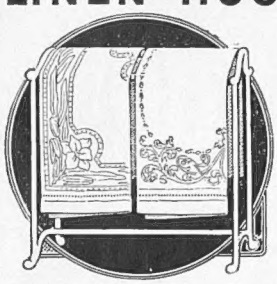

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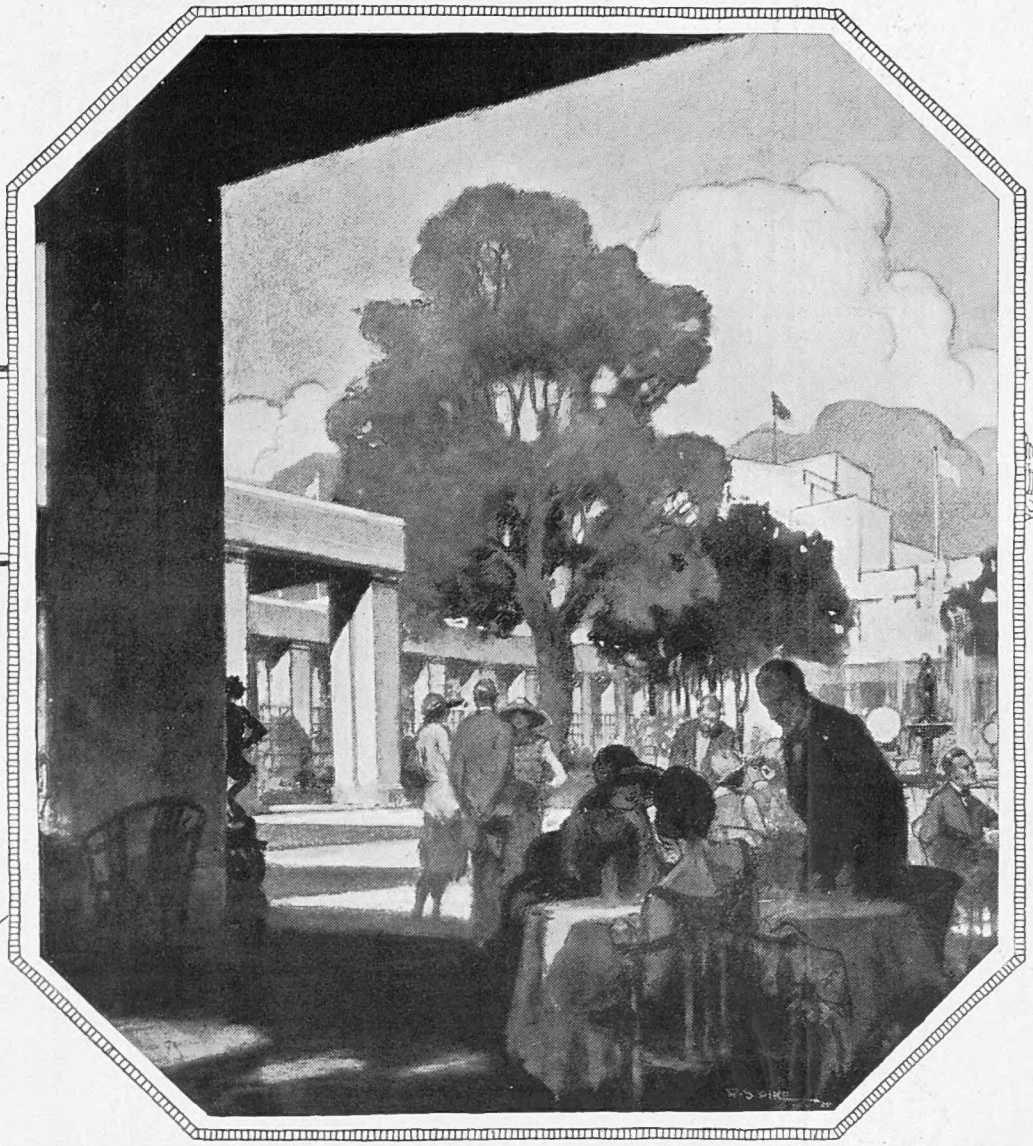

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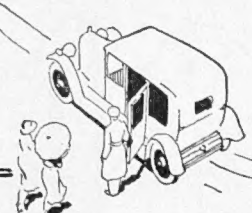

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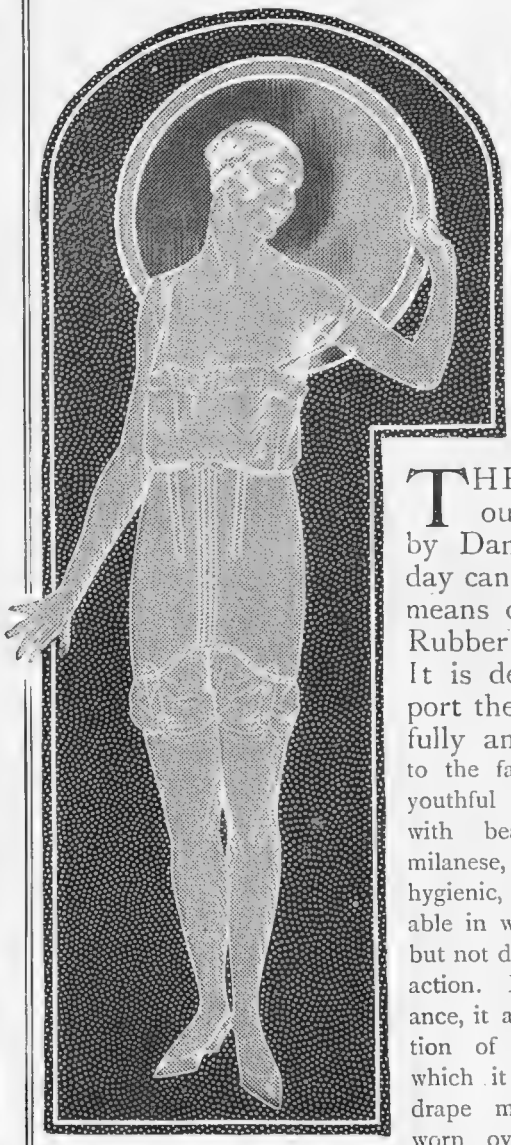

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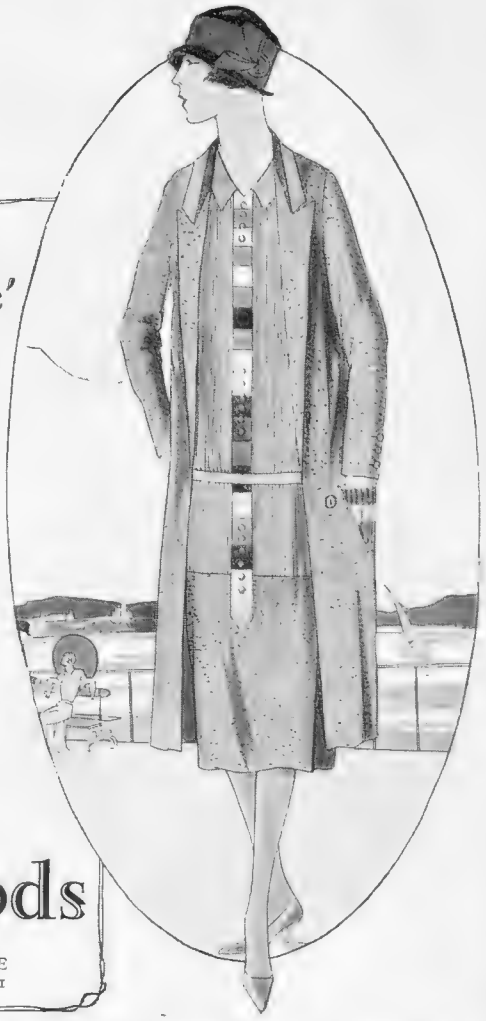

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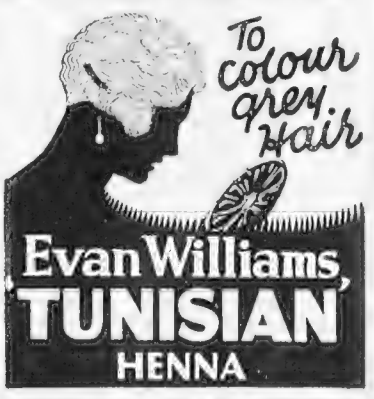

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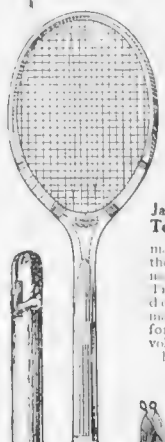

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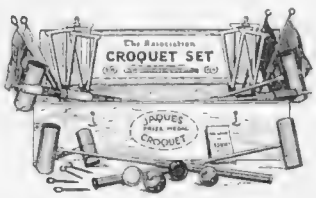

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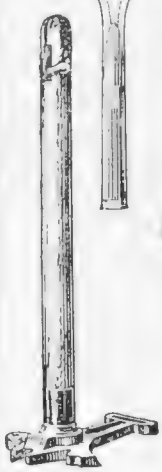

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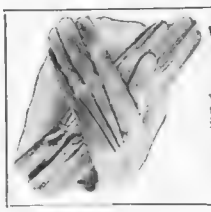

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The Bystander, May 13, 1925

No. 1119 Vol. LXXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

Vevonde

MISS MARY ASHLEY

The younger daughter of the Rt. Hon. Wilfrid William Ashley, M.P. Her sister, Lady Louis Mountbatten, is giving a ball at Brook House this season to mark her formal début

Spring days are Dunlop days

NOW that Spring has come and the call of the country road is irresistible, remember you can only get the best out of your car if you ride on the best tyres. From every possible point of view you will find that Dunlop Cords are the best of all tyres. They invariably give you longer mileage at less cost-per-mile. The Dunlop Cord tread provides ample security against skidding, not only when new, but throughout its whole period of use—therefore

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

'ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE'

'THE OPENING OF THE CRICKET SEASON'

The Dangerous Age

THERE are many milestones in a man's life, and one of them is the opening of the cricket season. Unless you are a whole-hogger—the sort of man who lives in the pavilion at Lord's—there comes a time when you are in danger of losing touch with the game. Old friends drop out and new names appear on the score-cards. "Cricket isn't the game it was!" you grumble, and, if you can find a congenial old fogey at the club, you swap stories of the giants of your day.

New Heroes for Old

BROTHER Bystanders! Let us fight against the fell disease, Anno Domini! Let us make new cricket heroes to take the places of the old. Let us scan the cricket page with the avidity of youth. Let us search the score-sheets for budding talent; watching the promising youngster climb from the inaugural duck, by way of his first double figures, into the glories of fifties. Let us throw our hats in the air when he reaches his century. There was a Jessop yesterday and there will be another Jessop to-morrow. Courage, comrades! All is not lost. Let us take a walk to the Oval!

Amateur Actors

MOTORING through the provinces, I have been impressed by the class of play being performed by local amateur actors. Always it was a play by Bernard Shaw or John Galsworthy. When it wasn't Shaw it was Galsworthy, and when it wasn't Galsworthy it was Shaw. At one village hall *The Silver Box* was announced for immediate production, and if you know that clever, but depressing, tract you will share the surprise I felt at its selection for the entertainment of a village audience.

Class Hatred

ACTUALLY, *The Silver Box* stands for class hatred. It spreads distrust among the uninitiated, teaching them that money talks; that the Law is indeed an ass, and that Justice is really blind. It is a more cultured way of saying:

You will find the 'ole world hover,
'Tis the poor that gets the blime;
'Tis the rich that gets the pleasures—
Isn't it a blinking shime!

Pity the "Poor" Author

WHY, then, do the Little Biddlecombe amateurs produce *The Silver Box*? I took the trouble to enquire, and found that Mr. Shaw and Mr. Galsworthy have agreed to let amateurs produce their plays on a royalty basis, which means that the performers pay about one-and-fourpence instead of two guineas, and that less fortunate authors are crowded out of the market. Once again, you see, 'tis the rich that get the money. Isn't it a blinking shime!

Well! Well!

I HAVE just heard a good story told of the time when the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York were all out of England at the same time. An ardent Royalist was terribly upset by this coincidence, being thoroughly convinced that the Royal family had been smuggled out of England in view of some threatened disaster.

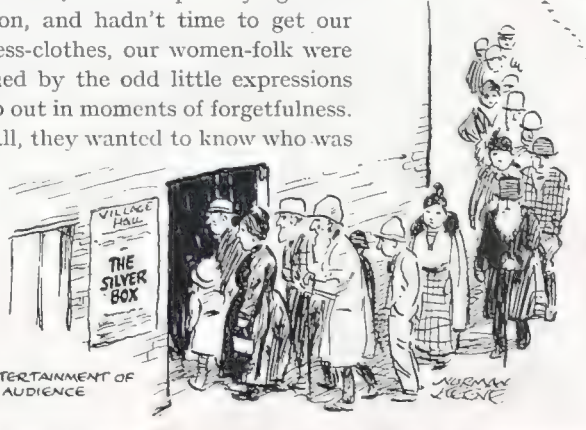
What the Soldier Said

DURING the War, when we paid flying visits to London, and hadn't time to get our minds into dress-clothes, our women-folk were greatly intrigued by the odd little expressions that would slip out in moments of forgetfulness. And, most of all, they wanted to know who was

'YOU SWAP STORIES OF THE GIANTS OF YOUR DAY'

'WHEN HE REACHES HIS CENTURY'

'ACTED WITH A TIMELY PROMPTITUDE'



'FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF A VILLAGE AUDIENCE'

Made and Printed in Great Britain

THE POLITICAL "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" By Bl.am

THE UNEMPLOYED ACTOR: "But for the Lossie Loon, there goes Philip Snowden"

"Fanny Adams," of whom they heard so much. Who *was* Fanny Adams? A book has just been published—*Soldier and Sailor Words and Phrases*—which purports to give this information. Fanny Adams, we are told, was a young woman who was killed and cut to pieces by a solicitor's clerk a hundred years ago, and the soldiers and sailors with grim humour applied the name to tinned rations.

You Can't Be Too Careful!

THE policeman who arrested an Englishman at Havre for wearing "Oxford bags" acted with a timely promptitude that should gain him natural recognition and a statue on the quay of the French sea-port town. He had probably heard of the man who introduced rabbits to Australia and the first Scotsman to England. Once let a thing like that get a firm hold and there is no stopping it. And, talking of Scotsmen, when are we going to see Oxford kilts? I make the suggestion to the artist in all humility!

Oxford Plus Fours

AT Brooklands, the other afternoon, a youth appeared in the baggiest plus fours that were ever seen. "Looks as if they started as Oxford trousers, and the tailor ran out of material!" was the rather apt remark of a well-known racing man.

Imitations

IN the course of some recent reminiscences, Ada Reeve tells how, as a child, she imitated Lottie Collins and got smacked for her pains. It has been the fate of José Collins, daughter of the creator of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay", to be imitated by many fellow artistes, but I haven't heard that she smacked Binnie Hale for that wickedly clever caricature seen at the Vaudeville last year. I don't say she didn't want to, but her self-restraint certainly proved equal to the strain placed upon it.

What of the Dog?

THE original of Kipling's "Stalky" has lately been in the limelight that the Press can shed upon a man, and now we know who were the originals of J. K. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat*—Jerome, himself, still looking tremendously fit and jolly, interested in the dramatisation of two of his stories and reading his memoirs, now appearing; George Wingrave, a lately retired bank manager; and Carl Hentschel who is one of the moving spirits of the O.P. Club, which fêtes popular actors and actresses at one or other of the big Strand Hotels. These were the three men in a boat. But what of the dog?

The Ethics of It

THE putting of real people into a book or a play is always a risky business. Its justification depends on the enthusiastic approval of the victim, but this endorsement is often lacking. I have heard lately of a book written and published with the avowed object of feeding fat an ancient grudge of twenty years standing; of a play written solely to ridicule a particular person; and of a novel in which actual letters were allowed to appear without the consent of the person most closely concerned. We could do with more Stalkys, and another Harris would add to the gaiety of nations, but the book or play that depends for its success on surreptitious shirt-cuff lampooning of the living does not seem to me to come within the confines of Art.

The Wicked Wireless

A SENSE of humour is the most effective shot in any man's locker, and I have known cabmen—and clergymen—who had nothing to learn in this respect. But the Surrey Vicar who would have us believe that the wicked wireless is keeping his church empty, must surely guess again. If he is right, there is nothing much to worry about, for the B.B.C. organisers thoroughly appreciate their responsibilities and their Sunday programmes are never lacking in a laudable endeavour to uplift the listener-in. But the fault for our failure usually lies within ourselves, and

Continued on page 466

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

if I seem to be getting a trifle " preachy " it is only because I wish to meet a captious cleric on his own ground, as it were.

Wireless Vision

MANY attempts have been made during the past fifty years to solve the problem of Television, and from time to time many suggestions and schemes have been put forward without, however, any practical results. In the autumn of 1923, an inventor—a Mr. Baird—who had been engaged on research work on Television for many years, succeeded for the first time in sending moving shadows. These were flickering and coarse in outline, but distinct and unmistakable. Mr. Baird, has now, however, successfully made the step from shadows to the transmission of the actual object by reflected light. The results are still very crude, and only simple objects can be sent successfully, but they do, it is claimed, definitely prove that it is now possible to " see by Wireless." If the inventor proves his claims, there seems to be no reason why speech should not be transmitted simultaneously, so that in time we may expect to sit in comfort by the fireside and see and hear the latest musical comedy broadcast from the stage, or sit at home comfortably and actually see the finish of the Derby.

" Who Only England Know "

THE other day my evening paper told me in those large lettered posters that give one the tabloid news : " Cape Girls Cheer the Prince." On reading the amusing account of H.R.H.'s rapturous welcome, however, I found that what the poster should have said was " The Girls of Cape Town Cheer the Prince." One must, of course, allow for brevity. But accuracy also has its claim. " Cape girls " and " Cape boys " are terms that refer only to the half-caste native population of the Cape Province. To call a white citizen of Cape Town a Cape boy or Cape girl is an insult that not even the plea of Imperial ignorance can excuse. The lesson being now ended, the Professor resumes his seat !

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING MARRIED

Vanayk

A picturesque wedding group after the marriage of Captain F. B. de Klée (Royal Horse Guards) and Violet, daughter of the late Mr. Walter Guthrie and Mrs. Guthrie of Torosay Castle, Isle of Mull, and granddaughter of the late Sir John Leslie and Lady Constance Leslie. Our picture shows the bride and bridegroom, the best man, Mr. Jack Horne, and the bride's youthful but frightfully important attendants, the Misses Audrey Combe and Jean Williamson, and Masters David James, William Crawshay and Alexander Hope

Covent Garden's New Prima Donna

Setzer

Madame Maria Jeritza, who makes her first appearance in England at the Opera season which opens at Covent Garden next week. Madame Jeritza, who is Czech by birth, studied at the Brunn Conservatoire, and at Vienna. She made her début at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in 1921, and became the sensation of the season after a wonderful performance in "La Tosca." She is the wife of Baron Leopold Popper de Podhragy, who is a son of Madame Blanche Marchesi, the well-known teacher and singer

Among the Pilgrims

BY HYNES

Some celebrities (including H.R.H. the Duke of York) at the Pilgrims' dinner held last week at the Hotel Victoria, under the chairmanship of Lord Desborough, to welcome the new American Ambassador, Mr. Alanson B. Houghton

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The King's Engagements

THE King and Queen's visit to Bristol early in June, when his Majesty is to open the new buildings of the Bristol University, will be made from Windsor, where the Court will then be in residence. Windsor being on the Great Western, a special train can be run to and from the big Western city without any difficulty or derangement of the ordinary traffic.

A month later the King will go to Knowsley to stay with Lord and Lady Derby for the Royal Agricultural Show at Chester. The Royal visit to Knowsley for the Grand National was one of the many plans which had to be altered because of the King's illness. Later will come the King and Queen's annual visit to Holyrood.

The Princess Royal

THE Princess Royal's illness has caused great anxiety in the Royal family. The day after her return from a visit to Queen Alexandra at Sandringham, the Princess lunched with the King and Queen. The same evening she was suddenly taken ill, and lost so much blood that transfusion was necessary, the first instance, I believe, of Royalty undergoing this operation.

The Princess Royal has lived in retirement since the death of her husband, the Duke of Fife, whose title by special remainder descended to his elder daughter, Princess Arthur of Connaught. The Princess has never recovered from the double shock of her husband's death and the wreck of the vessel in which they and their children were going to Egypt.

The ship grounded somewhere on the coast of North Africa. The Fife family were taken ashore in a boat, but it was swamped by the waves, and they escaped with their lives by a miracle. The late Mr. Reginald Lister, who was then our representative in Morocco, did everything that was humanly possible to help, but the cold and exposure proved too great a strain on the Duke, and he died a few weeks afterwards at Assouan.

Aitken

THE QUEEN AND THE EX-SOLDIERS

Her Majesty leaving one of the wards of the Queen Mary Hospital for limbless men at Roehampton, where she opened a new extension wing last Wednesday

IN THE ROYAL BOX *G.P.U.*

Their Majesties the King and Queen at the Royal Matinée of "No No Nanette," given last week at the Palace Theatre in aid of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society

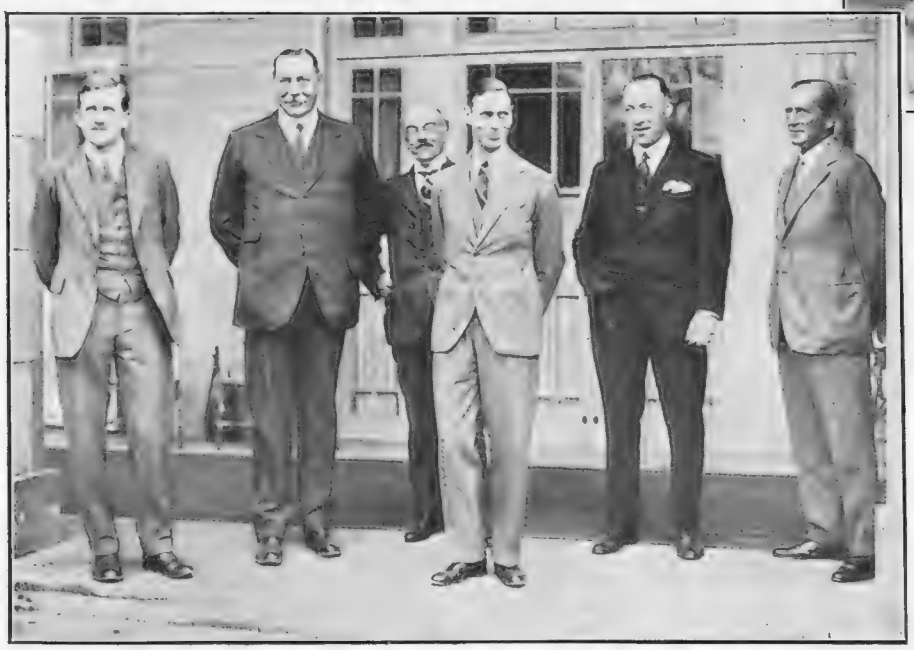
G. P. U.

"THE CHILDREN'S WELFARE IS THE NATION'S WEALTH"

Prince Henry visiting the Infants' Hospital in Vincent Square, where he was received by the Chairman, Mr. Gomer Berry (left), and the Medical Director, Dr. Eric Pritchard (centre). Last Friday, His Royal Highness presided at the festival dinner in aid of this institution which is doing so much to alleviate illness and distress among the tiny citizens-to-be of a mighty Empire

BUSY ROYALTY

As if to make up for his holiday, the King was extra busy last week, as were also the other members of the Royal Family. In addition to the events pictured above, the King and Queen formally opened the British Empire Exhibition on Saturday, and attended a matinee at the Adelphi in aid of King George's Fund for Actors and Actresses. The Queen was also present at a private view of the Disabled Soldiers' Embroidery Exhibition, which was opened by Princess Mary



THE ROYAL PRESIDENT *Sport and General*

The Duke of York, President of the British Empire Exhibition, with Sir Travers Clarke and some of the officials, at the inaugural luncheon to open the new Wembley Garden Club

Talking Silk

EVER since Mr. Churchill announced his Budget, there has been one topic of conversation and one only, amongst women. And that topic is silk.

The proposed duty on silk has made them all very angry, and wherever women are gathered together in ones or twos, or in half-dozens, you hear the same outcry. Sixpence off the income-tax leaves them cold. Mr. Churchill seems to have attacked the very citadel of feminine adornment. For my part, I didn't know that silk played such a big part in my lady's wardrobe. But if you listen to the pink and very angry ladies you will learn just as much as your Bystander has learnt in these last few days.

IN THE PADDOCK *Alfieri*

Lady Camden with her son, Lord Roderic Pratt, at the steeplechase meeting at Lingfield Park. The United Hunts Plate was won by St. Valentine, Red Standard, the favourite, running third

Of course, we all know about silk dresses, silk stockings, and silk other things, but the proposed tax, I find, will have a much further effect.

A dame of my acquaintance was holding forth on the iniquity of the proposed tax. I'm afraid I wasn't sympathetic. She held out a charming leather bag.

"My husband gave me this for my birthday," she said. "See!" She opened it and showed me a bewildering array of pockets all lined with silk.

"I've worked it out carefully," she went on. "If the silk tax passes, a bag like this will cost at least thirty shillings more than the price my husband gave for it." Then she added, with just a little touch of venom—"And what about your silk ties, and your silk evening socks, and your silk undies—if you wear silk? You men will have to pay the tax, too."

Oh, dear me, no! There are such things in the world as angora, cotton, linsey-woolsey, and Jaeger, with which man can defeat the rapacity of any Chancellor of the Exchequer. Women, so far, don't seem to have thought of these alternatives. But how Mr. Churchill has stirred the feminine soul!

Sport and General

AN ISLAND GATHERING

A group of spectators in the paddock at Ashley during the Isle of Wight steeplechases. The first day's sport was somewhat restricted by the smallness of the fields which, however, were larger on the second. The photograph shows Prince George of Russia (left), Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond Græme, and Lord and Lady Burgh

AT LEAFY LINGFIELD *Alfieri*

Lady Irene Pratt and Mr. Gunnis on their way to the paddock at the Lingfield Park Chases. It was not a lucky day for backers, only one favourite out of six winning

A SOCIAL TREBLE *Alfieri*

Lady Dorchester (left), Lord Dorchester and Miss Hill, studying the problem of "crossing the sticks" in the paddock at Ashley. Favourites were not too obliging at this meeting

Artificial Limbs

THE Queen spent over two hours at Roehampton House last Wednesday, when she opened the extension of Queen Mary's (Roehampton) Hospital. Her Majesty visited all the wards and the workshops. No one imagined that when the hospital was started ten years ago for limbless men it would still be in operation or necessary to-day. But, unfortunately, it is. The extension has been made to accommodate the ex-soldiers in the Ministry of Pensions hospital at Shepherd's Bush, which is being closed. Sir Francis Lloyd told the Queen and the

company gathered for the opening ceremony that out of the forty thousand men who lost limbs in the War, over twenty thousand had been treated at Roehampton, whilst attendances at the hospital for repairs and renewals to artificial limbs had been over sixty thousand.

Roehampton has now become one of the most efficient institutions for the treatment of limbless men and orthopædic cases in the world. The workshops are museums of ingenuity. In future, men in the Army, Navy, and Air Force who lose a limb by accident, will be treated at Roehampton, as well as civilians, especially railwaymen and miners who are both liable to loss of limbs through industrial mishaps.

The Middlesex Hospital

SPEAKING of hospitals I see that the Middlesex Hospital is practically falling down. When it was built in 1780 (the original hospital was founded in 1745) its foundations were literally laid upon sand. The result is that two of the wards have had to be closed as being unsafe, and fourteen others have had to be heavily strutted. To add to this, the floors are full of dry rot, and the ceilings are cracking. The only possible solution is that the Middlesex Hospital must be rebuilt. This means a cost of £500,000.

This is the largest sum ever asked for or needed by a single hospital. But the Board of Governors has no alternative. Either it must appeal for half a million of money or the Middlesex Hospital, with its hundred and eighty years of healing must be closed, a lamentable loss not only to the London poor but to medical science. If the hospital closes, its four hundred medical students will have to pursue their studies elsewhere. The new cancer research department, and the Bland-Sutton Institute, which carries on invaluable research work, would either have to be closed too, or else moved at heavy cost.

Prince Arthur of Connaught, who succeeded the Earl of Athlone as Chairman of the Hospital, will broadcast an appeal on Thursday evening.

Two Sides to a Story

I WONDER if war is to be declared between some of the dance hostesses and the young men? Complaints are bitter upon both sides. But whatever justice the hostesses may have on their side, the young men have the pull, as it is a difficult matter to give a dance without them.

The trouble seems to be traceable to the gradual return of the chaperon and the gradual abandonment of the "and partner" on dance invitations sent to girls. Hostesses complain that the young men are negligent in answering

Sport and General

MRS. IAN BULLOUGH

Topical

LADY BROUGHTON AND SIR HILL CHILD

Sport and General

CAPT. R. GROSVENOR, MISS B. GROSVENOR AND MISS WIGNALL

Topical

MRS. FILMER-SANKEY

Sport and General

TWO OF THE LATEST FASHIONS

AROUND THE COURSE AT CHESTER

Some of the personalities who "took the field" at the big Chester meeting last week. The races, which were well attended, provided some close finishes

invitations, and that if they do appear and find the dance not entirely to their liking they go off to a night club, often carrying one of the hostess's guests with them.

Of course, it is trying for a hostess to provide supper for a certain number and then find only half the amount was required

British Illus.

CAMBRIDGE 'CHASES

Sir Richard Sykes and Mr. A. R. Seely at Cottenham

because of defections to the night clubs during the evening.

On the other hand, the young men complain that although the "and partner" is not so popular as it was, many hostesses run their dances just as if it were still in full force, and never introduce people. Young women make the same complaint. To one big dance recently a mother of my acquaintance took her two girls. Not a man was introduced to them, and after emulating their grandmothers in being wallflowers they left about an hour after they got there without having had a single dance. Yet there were young men standing about equally partnerless.

This mother told me that the majority of the people dancing were elderly folk who in pre-War days would all have been in the cardroom.

Well, there it is, and, as I have said, the hostesses and the young men are complaining bitterly about each other.

The Hon. Barbara Frankland at Cottenham

IN THE FIELDS OF COTTENHAM *British Illus*

Miss Vicar, Miss Crossman, Mrs. Harry Fordham and Mr. J. Ramsden watching the Cambridge Steeplechases at Cottenham. The opening stage of the meeting on the new course was unexpectedly favoured with fine weather. The chief event, the Cambridge Handicap Steeplechase, was notable for the defeat of the favourite, Shaun Or, and for injuries to three of the riders, Captain Fielden, L. Bunn, and T. James, who took fairly bad tosses

The Wembley Garden Club

IT was at the Lucullus Restaurant at Wembley last year that a well-known barrister had the shock of his life. He had dined there without first enquiring the price. If I recollect rightly no dinner was served under a guinea a head. His bill, therefore, was an unpleasant surprise. "I shall not come here again," he murmured as he paid it. "This place is beyond my means and above my station."

The Lucullus has disappeared this year, and in its place is a delightful new institution — the Wembley Garden Club. With its colonnades looking out on a fountain, lawns and gay *parterres* of flowers, and its big dining-room with gay awnings, it suggests a villa somewhere in Italy.

At the opening luncheon last week, the Duke of York said that last year the need of a social centre at the Exhibition was badly felt. The decision to change the restaurant *de luxe* into such a social centre was a wise one. And it is so attractive that I can foresee dining or lunching at the Wembley Garden Club becoming "the thing to do" this season.

The subscription is only two guineas, and if you take a season ticket for the Exhibition as well

THE OPENING OF A SPORTING EXHIBITION *G. P. U.*

Lady Blanche Douglas (accompanied by her brother, the Duke of Beaufort) who opened the exhibition of hunting pictures by Mr. Lionel Edwards at the Sporting Galleries, King Street, Covent Garden. Our photograph shows: Mr. Lionel Edwards (left), Lady Blanche Douglas, the Duke of Beaufort, and Captain W. Nell (well known in the Beaufort country). Lady Blanche Douglas deputised for the Duchess of Beaufort, who was to have opened the exhibition but was unfortunately prevented by illness. The success of Mr. Edwards's exhibition is a fine tribute to the popularity of the artist's work

it is £3 10*s*. Prices for meals, I hasten to add, will not be on the Lucullus lines of last year.

Yachting

COWES is "vigorously" preparing for the yachting season. The King's *Britannia*, fresh from the hands of the workmen, came into the roadstead last week in readiness for her trials. Her opponents, Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock* and Mr. Herbert Weld's *Lulworth*, will also shortly be starting on their trials. The racing season begins at Harwich at the end of this month.

Every week-end now there is a goodly contingent of members at the Royal Yacht Squadron, and on most days there is considerable movement in the yachting world. General Cornelius and Mrs. Vanderbilt will be at Cowes again this year, their huge yacht, *Atlantic*, having gone to Marseilles to bring them back.

Needlework

LORD GAINFORD won the first prize for stitchery by men at the Needlework Exhibition and Competition at Norfolk House last week. It was the cover of a prie-Dieu chair in petit point. Lord Listowel, whom we knew for so long as Lord Ennismore, showed a screen. But of all the exhibits I think I admired the Duchess of Roxburgh's panel in petit point; it was a triumph in colouring.

The exhibition was arranged by the Friends of the Poor in aid of their disabled soldiers' embroidery industry. The men have been making about £800 a year for the past three years by their needles.

People tell you that the art of embroidery is dying out, but some of the work shown at this exhibition would compare with ancient pieces preserved in our museums.

Blake Studios

WITH THE FACULTY OF (DANCING) ART

A group at the Faculty of Arts Ball, which opened the All Arts Week last Monday at Grosvenor House, lent for the occasion by the late Lord Leverhulme, their President. Owing to Lord Leverhulme's sad death, the final festivities and the annual conference were postponed. Our picture shows — Back row: Mr. Trustram Eve (left), Lord and Lady Terrington, Mr. Linger-Barker, and, seated in front, Mrs. Charles Bois and Mrs. Linger-Barker.

Lady Helena Gleichen's Pictures

I AM asked to tell you that Lady Helena Gleichen is having an exhibition from May 19 to May 30 at the Alpine Gallery in Mill Street. Lady Helena will show landscapes and pictures of horses and dogs, Mr. Charles Simpson pictures of bird-life, and Mr. Maurice Chesterton architectural models and decorative schemes.

Three Plays

I MUST frankly confess I had not realised that Mr. W. Graham-Browne was an accomplished character actor. But, until I saw him in the curtain-raiser, *The Dumb and the Blind*, by Harold Chapin, which now precedes the amusing comedy, *The Torch-Bearers*, at the Ambassadors, I had seen him in nothing but "nice young men" parts. As a bargee he was extraordinarily good.

Whilst on the subject of theatres, I journeyed out to Barnes for the opening of the Barnes Theatre, which is now to be added to the Everyman and "Q" Theatres as a place o trial for plays.

Vandyk

IN WEDDING ARRAY

Mr. G. J. Neame with his bride, Phyllis, daughter of Mr. Guy Boothby, the novelist, and their bridal retinue, after their marriage at Brompton Church, last week

It is an excellently arranged house. But the opening play, *Fatherhood*, by Harold Owen, missed fire. The first act, which showed us an unwanted and despised father returning to his wife and grown-up family, suggested many possibilities. Everybody wondered how Mr. Owen was going to solve the problem. But he dropped his psychology and took a short cut to his final curtain by using the War as a whitewash for a very poor specimen of a son. That was why the play was disappointing. Mr. Sam Livesey as the unwanted father was very strong and convincing.

A third play I saw last week was *The Sign of the Sun*, by Vere Sullivan, produced at the Regent Theatre by the Catholic Play Society. A most impressive play, all about the end of the world, with the last act in Purgatory. The author, however, had chosen a set of unpleasant people, really extreme types with one or two exceptions, and for that reason her play was not so arresting as *Outward Bound*. It was admirably written and showed a wide knowledge of stagecraft. Myself, I think if she had taken ordinary people for her characters instead of a set of cock-tail-drinking, divorcing, so-called "fashionables," the effect of *The Sign in the Sun* would have been truer, and have struck even a higher note than it did.

The Catholic Play Society, of which the Duke of Newcastle is the President and the Duke of Argyll one of the vice-presidents, helps parishes in the production of religious plays and tableaux by providing them with such plays and the necessary dresses and properties.

An excellent idea.

THE LATE VISCOUNT LEVERHULME *Russell*

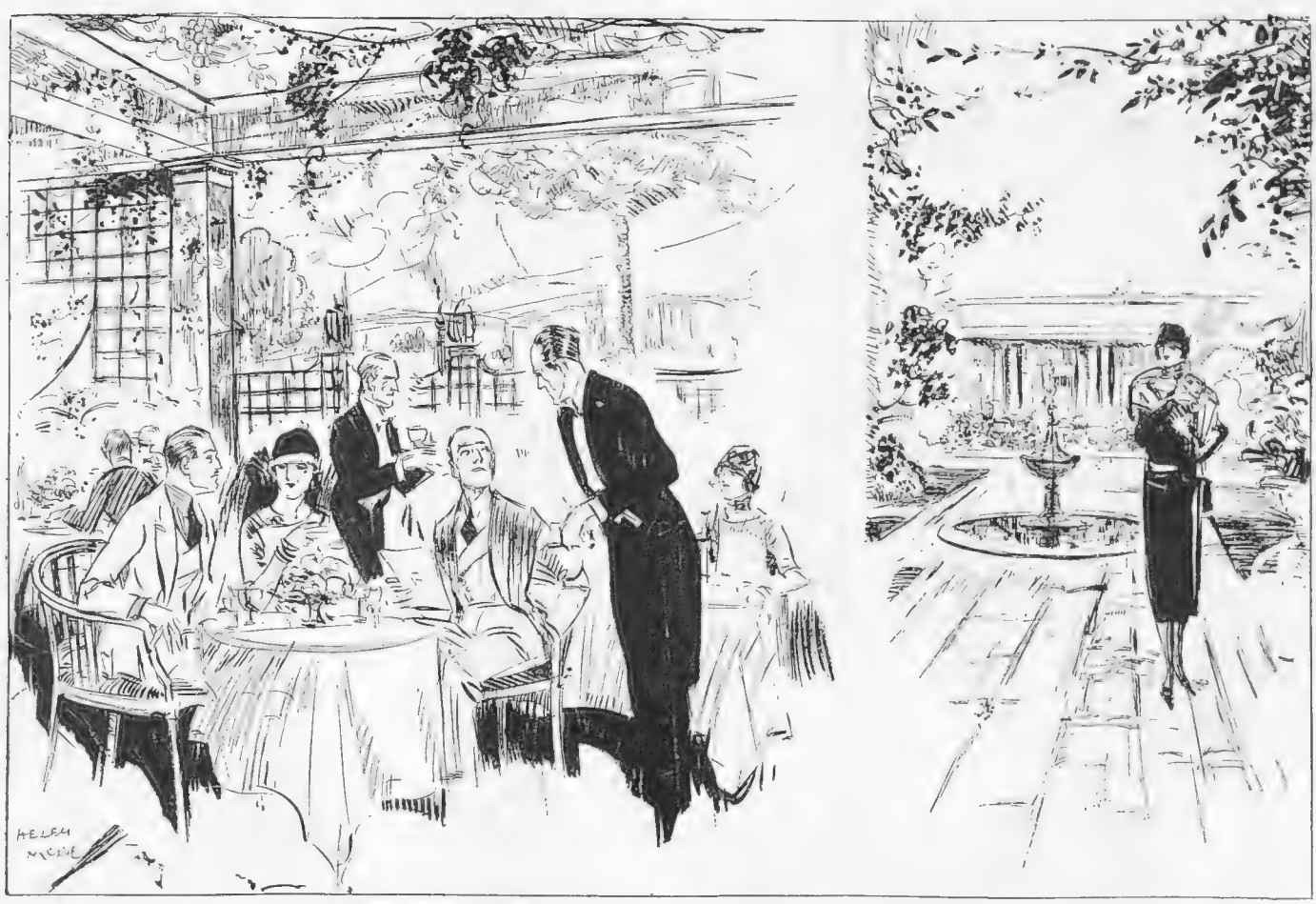
Whose death, after a brief illness, was announced last week. Lord Leverhulme's career as a successful business man might almost be said to be the nearest approach in these times to the traditionally romantic "captain of industry" of fiction. But, as is generally the case in real life, there was much stern reality and hard endeavour mixed with the romance of a career that started in a small grocer's shop in Bolton, ending with one of the most remarkable industrial leaderships of our time. Lord Leverhulme's eldest son, the Hon. William Hulme Lever, succeeds to his father's title

Centralisation

It is odd, isn't it, that with the really miraculous expansion in the means of communication—by motor, telephone, and wireless—in the last twenty years the modern tendency is to congregate at the centre of things?

In the days of horses people thought nothing of driving out to Wimbledon or Roehampton to pay a call or go to a tea-party. Now, in these days of motors, their children and grandchildren say, "It is too far out." Yet they think nothing of motoring for a couple of hours to lunch, and even tea with people who live in the country. In fact, if you live in the country about an hour's run from London by car—or a little more—you see more of your London friends than if you live on the fringe of London—say, at Richmond, Hampton Court, Hampstead or Roehampton. If you live there, your friends tell you, "You live so far out. It is impossible to get to you."

If the passion for centralisation goes on, we shall all have to live on the top of one another in umpteen storey buildings as they do in New York.



THE NEW WEMBLEY: OUT-OF-DOORS IN THE GARDEN CLUB By Helen McKie

The Wembley Garden Club, which has sprung phœnix-like and resplendent from the ashes of the old Lucullus, is both a club and a restaurant. There is every facility for the delights of meals out of doors, as far as man's skill can give. But as this does not at present include control of sunshine, science has been mixed with prescience, and there is plenty of provision (in several senses) for indoor catering

Our Artist's Card

This is the one our artist, Miss Phyllis Kermode, has returned after a pencil round with the competitors for our £500 Golf Trophy

Reproduced from the University of Cape Town Quarterly

THE OLD HALL OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN COLLEGE

A restful corner in the quad, University of Cape Town. The bell, used to indicate the "change over" between lectures, is an old slave bell from one of the early eighteenth century estates

"Rag" Time in the Land of Good Hope

By AN OLD "SACS" MAN

WHEN Prince Edward Christian George Patrick David set his foot on the shores where once had landed Vasco da Gama and old Johan van Riebeek, we of that land of Good Hope (sometimes known to the cynical ones as Wot-a-hope) knew that he would come among friends. He did. And the warmth of the welcome exceeded all expectations. To the Colonial it is a tribute to the Prince's sterling personal qualities that a whole Empire has learnt to know and to love. And, since Youth is annoyingly sincere and brutally frank, a wholehearted University "rag" is the greatest tribute of all.

THE University of Cape Town (known throughout the vast sub-continent as "Sacs" because, before attaining to the dignity of a grown-up University it was the South African College), though young as to years, is old in wisdom. Not the wisdom of erudition, of course. No British seat of learning, will ever admit *that*. But it is old in the wisdom of high spirits, of Youth's essential safety-valve; in short, of the "rag." It is no mean feat, mark you, to produce an ox-waggon and span of twelve oxen in the City of Cape Town. For, no matter what you may have read or gathered vaguely to the contrary, the motor and the electric tram are the recognised means of conveyance. After that, of course, the abduction of the Lady of Leghorn from some professional fowl-run must have been child's play. Nevertheless, the said Lady, tastefully dressed in its football colours of blue and white stripes, doubtless scored easily—a foul, you might say, but only a little one. . . . The Prince must have welcomed that hen. It would have checked any tendency to solemnity. Not that Degree Day in Cape Town is allowed to be solemn for too long. As with many old Universities, it is here recognised as the one day in the year when Youth need be no respecter of persons.

TWO other annual rags are semi-private affairs—that is, the general public is not given the doubtful benefit of sharing in the fun. One is known as Highland Brigade Night; the other as the Ordeal by Water Melon. Highland Brigade Night is connected with the University Debating Society—why, nobody knows, for the Debating Society is not by any means the most powerful or most popular body in the University. But tradition has decreed that on one of the first debates of the year hundreds of students should suddenly discover that they are self-elected members. And on that one night of the year the staid Debating Society finds that its meeting is visited by a howling mob of dervishes, dressed in blankets and skirts (O shades of Caledonia stern and wild!) with painted faces and hats that will never be whole again, who render unasked such songs as are contained in an extensive repertoire, and after a wild dance or two, fade howling into the night. The watermelon affair can exist only in a land where this luscious fruit grows to the size of two Rugger balls rolled into one and is sold at a shilling a piece or thereabouts. Its rites are a deep mystery, and I, as an old Initiate of the Order, am sworn to lifelong secrecy. There is something connected with a silver collection (in which Freshmen are allowed to figure). There is something about a feast in the soft southern moonlight (Freshmen not so prominent). There is something about gathering together the thick hard rind, a whizzing of missiles through the air, the thud and splash against wall or uninitiated head, the tinkle of falling window-glass, another silver "collect" for the next day. . . . But alas! I must not tell you. For my lips are sealed!

"A foul you might say, but only a little one"

BUT most important of all are the annual Rugger Raggings, the day when Sacs meets its rival institution, the Stellenbosch University (formerly the Victoria College) in South Africa's national game. Unlike Boat-race night in Town or inter-'Varsity Rugger at Queen's, but more like the affair of milkcans and Phineas connected with London's medicos-to-be, the Cape Town Rugger "rag" takes place in the daytime, on and around the field of play. It is a highly organised affair, and tends to become more elaborate every year. It is an affair of carefully drilled choruses and "war-cries"; of jazz bands trained to the most studied imperfection of cacophony; of a piano transported ten miles from its home to the middle of the Grand Stand on the Newland's Rugby Ground; of a conductor elected by his peers, and garbed wondrously to behold; of hundreds of hideously musical trumpets and whistles and rattles. But then there are differences to be noted. At the Cape of Wot-a-hope there is no Piccadilly and the wild West End. And, instead of one Rugger game at Queen's or Twickenham, you have *six* games between twelve college teams as keen as training and *esprit de corps* can make them. For on the big Newland's ground outside Cape Town there are two adjoining fields so that there are two matches going at once. The junior teams start playing at midday. The big Seniors' match starts about four in the afternoon. And the tumult and the shouting go on all that while! . . .

Perhaps the Prince was lucky with only his oxen and a hen! J. B. P.

Portraiture at the Royal Academy

SYLVIA AND MONICA—TWIN DAUGHTERS OF THE ARTIST
BY FRANK O. SALISBURY

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UPON MY WORD!

By Stan Terry

Our Tame Communist: "Then what do them bloated capitalists do? They gives me a job workin' all night for one and six a day, an' then I got nuthink. That's sumthink, ain't it?"

MOTLEY MUSINGS

A certain revue has incurred the displeasure of some critics. To call the production, however, one of "undies"-guised vulgarity would be going too far.

. . . . .

A new version of an old line:—On with the dance; let joy be unrefined.

. . . . .

In these days of hurry and unrest, it is pleasant to reflect that at present the Bank Rate remains unchanged.

. . . . .

Certain youths who are following the Oxford trousers fashion ought to turn their attention to the stage. Some of them would make marvellous male impersonators.

. . . . .

And what a mannikin parade they could supply!

. . . . .

Wrote an elderly spinster from Denbigh
To her sister who lives up in Tenbigh,
"I have lived by myself;
Till I'm now on the shelf:
So tell me, pray, where can the menbigh?"

It is a pity that the constant recriminations between the rival parties in Egypt cannot be settled over a whisky and sirdar.

. . . .

A correspondent says that in the reign of Edward VI the people on three days of the week were condemned to eat fish. It is lucky they had not to eat condemned fish.

. . . .

Certain writers are complaining of the "impure rot" published in so many modern novels. Our objection also extends to the pure rubbish so often found in them.

. . . .

The Royal Academy Committee have, we believe, accepted pictures from a postman and a plumber. They'll be accepting one from an artist next.

. . . .

We wonder whether the re-imposition of certain duties will McKenna difference.

. . . .

Lecturing the other day, a physician stated that the stomach was the cause of most of our ailments. Did not Mr. Kipling once write a poem to the effect that "Oh, it's Tummy this and Tummy that, and Tummy go away."

"Eh, Sandy, I had an awfu' shock when I woke this morning. I dreamt that I gave you sixpence."

"Aweel, you can keep it!"

. . . . .

In his remarks about objectionable plays, Mr. Shaw certainly did not burn incense at the Lord Chamberlain's shrine. But swinging the Censor wouldn't help much.

. . . . .

"Is it a Whistler?" ask various contemporaries. Airing a little superior knowledge, we affirm that it is no siffleur.

. . . . .

Pæans of praise have been sung to Mr. Churchill, but wearers of silk stockings have not been lavish with their hoseannas.

. . . . .

Still another poser: "Is it correct," asks someone, "to say 'been' or 'bin'?"

Well, all we can say, old dear, is, be sure your bins will find you out.

. . . . .

"What do you think of Jones' wife?"

"Well, she's been a jolly good husband to him!"

. . . . .

Answers to Correspondents:—

Novelist.—Yes, Berta is well out of the ruck.

Cricketer.—There is no such position as "a moot point" on the cricket field.

Tough Luck.—The steak you ate seems to have been meat for repentance.

HARTLEY CARRICK

OUR UPS AND DOWNS

By Edwin Morrow

"No, I ain't never bin to Lunnon and I doan't see where be ter use now. What wi' St. Paul's down, Waterloo Bridge down, an' that waxworks place down, the town must be fair ruined!"

"Yes, but Victoria Street's up, Regent Street's up, Oxford Street's up and Piccadilly's up. What more do you want?"

Caught in the Entr'acte

BY E. T. REED

STAGE DIRECTIONS TO PRINCIPALS: "When taking a 'call' be careful *to keep the curtain closed*, or people may imagine that the remains of the last act are the preparations for the next one!"

Produced April 20, 1925

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a play of American origin, and thanks mainly to the efforts of Miss Marie Tempest and Miss Athene Seyler it has acclimatised itself admirably. "The Torch Bearers" is the exalted name assumed by a very amateur dramatic company who flatter themselves that they are spreading the light of art in earth's darkest places at the call of Charity. The first act takes place at the house of Mrs. Towers, who has lent her hall for the rehearsal of the new play. Mr. Towers, her husband, was not previously aware that his wife possessed any histrionic gifts, and on his return unexpectedly from a golfing holiday, he is a little surprised to find his house turned upside down in the sacred cause of art.

MR. TOWERS is a bland, but severe, critic of the whole proceedings, and he cannot refrain from pointing out to his wife that she is wrong in assuming that acting is the sort of thing you can learn in a couple of evenings or so. But Mrs. Towers prefers the opinion of her coach, Mrs. Pampinelli (Miss Marie Tempest) who assures her that she is a genius of the first water. It happens that Mrs. Towers is only an emergency recruit to the distinguished company. She is taking the place of Mrs. Sheppard, who has been obliged to give up her part on account of a family bereavement; the sudden death, in short, of her husband.

QUITE a lot of fun is got out of Mr. Sheppard's untimely demise, though I understand that this calamity is not usually selected as a theme for mirth. Mr. Sheppard is supposed to have died suddenly from shock on witnessing his wife's attempts at acting, and there is a clear feeling that he might at least have been considerate enough to postpone his end until after the public performance. An ancient historian, writing of the cave-dwellers by the Red Sea, tells us that it was the practice of these very primitive people to set the body of a dead person on a high place where they could conveniently pelt it with stones to mark their derision of a weakling who had allowed himself to get into a condition in which he could not hit back even under the greatest provocation. The comments on the death of the late Mr. Sheppard would almost seem to indicate that prehistoric influences are at work among us once more.

MRS TOWERS (MURIEL ALEXANDER) AND A FEW BOUQUETS NOT PRESENTED BY HER HUSBAND! (W. GRAHAM BROWNE)

Stage Photo Co.

"THE PRODUCER" GETS BUSY

Miss Marie Tempest as the producer (Mrs. Pampinelli) explains, more in sorrow than in anger, just how things should be done, to Miss Muriel Alexander and Miss Athene Seyler in "The Torch Bearers"

AT the rehearsal, Mrs. Fell is appointed prompter to the company. She is a giggling young widow represented with perfect art by Miss Athene Seyler, and her prompter's job is clearly the last thing that she wants to bother about. Instead of keeping her eyes glued to the book of the words, Mrs. Fell bandies remarks in the background with Mr. Towers, and once she laughs at his caustic criticism of the players so heartily that she nearly loses her balance. When Mrs. Pampinelli, the promoter and producer, upbraids her for her slackness, she protests that she could hardly be expected to attend to the prompting when she very nearly fell off her chair, and one has to consider one's self a little, surely, my dear! Miss Seyler gives a most laughable picture of the feather-brained woman who cannot keep her mind on any subject for long, and her natural assumption of ineptitude kept us all laughing uproariously. It is a really remarkable piece of acting.

FROM what we can gather of the rehearsal of the play within a play, it is the old story of marital incongruity. Mrs. Pampinelli works like a Trojan to try to make the injured wife realise that when you are discussing the prospect of a legal separation from your husband, you don't talk to him in the tone of the compliant housewife who has come to know whether he would like yesterday's mutton cold or hashed. Mrs. Pampinelli is represented by Miss Marie Tempest whose long experience of the stage enables her to emphasise amusingly the pitfalls that lie in wait for beginners; while on the other hand, she can supply at a moment's notice all

the exaggerated little tricks of voice and gesture that pass for acting with the old school of barnstormers. Miss Tempest gives a really precious burlesque of the know-all amateur, and she rattles through her part with a buoyant humour which is a sheer delight.

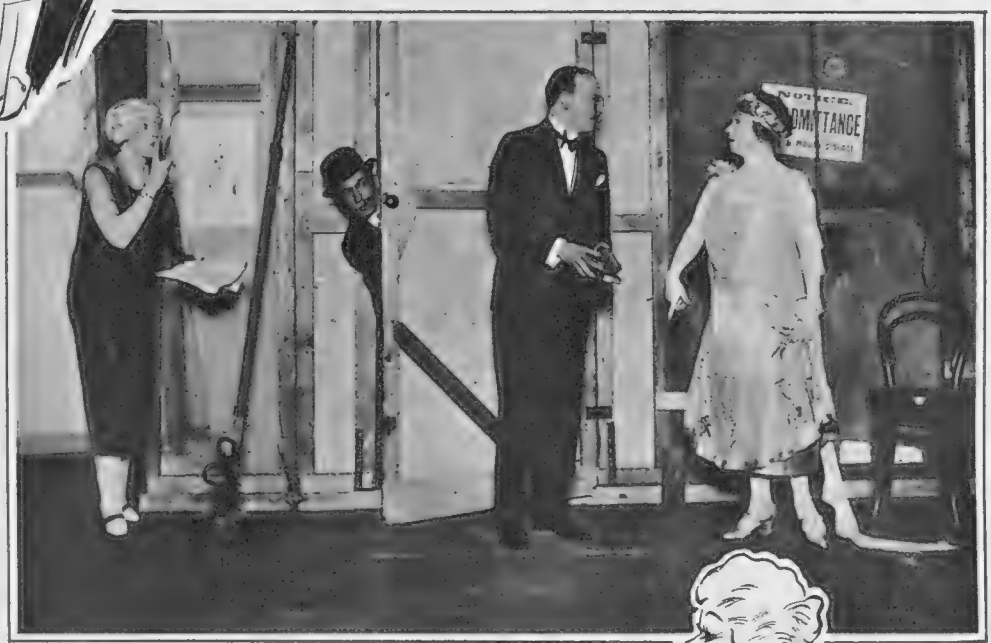
THE fun becomes furious on the evening of the public performance. We are, as it were, behind the scenes, so that we can watch the proceedings from the stage-manager's point of view. The first trouble is with Mr. Spindler, a delightfully humorous performance by Mr. Frank Allanby. Mr. Spindler is the well-read man of the company who quotes glibly the source of quotations made, and corrects errors, just as the average typist is under the impression that she improves on her employer's spelling and grammar. The first thing Mr. Spindler notices behind the scenes is that a small hoop for attaching wires has been left on the floor for people to fall over, and his strenuous efforts are directed to remove the obstacle. As, however, it appears to be embedded in cement, he clearly cannot hope for much luck. So he leaves the obstacle and falls over it periodically instead, until at last he is pushed off the stage abruptly for fear he should be heard on the other side of the curtain.

THOSE who remember the late Mr. Edward Terry's performance in Sheridan's *Critic* at the old Gaiety, or still more recently that of Mr. Weedon Grossmith in *A Pantomime Rehearsal* will have a fair idea of the wide field that is offered for poking fun at the efforts of amateur actors. Here we do not see the performers on the stage, but anxious watchers peeping through chinks in the scenery report every little disaster in turn. On one occasion it is clear that the players have forgotten their lines, and the panicky report comes to us that they are just sitting opposite to each other on the stage waiting as it were for something to turn up. Mrs. Fell, the prompter, is so eager to invite Mrs. Pampinelli's attention to the disaster, that she quite overlooks the fact that it is she the stage is waiting for. As soon as this little omission is brought to her notice, she rushes to the book of the words and turns the pages with feverish haste to find the lines required. Meanwhile, Mrs. Pampinelli, as producer, calls in a loud whisper to the gentleman on the stage that as he is supposed to be indoors he should take his hat off!

THEN a door, that should be used for an entry, jams and will not open, and this gives Mr. Spindler a chance to gratify his perpetual longing to be of assistance to the production. While the scene on the stage is being played, he tugs at the recalcitrant door without result for a long time. It is not until the scene on the stage has reached its most intense state, that he manages to tug the door open so that it flies back and reveals to the imaginary audience "in front" the anxious watchers behind. When the play reaches its conclusion, there is a call for the principals. Everybody takes a call. Even Mrs. Fell, who has been of no noticeable help to the production, insists on thrusting herself on the stage, where she makes a deep and entirely uncalled-for curtsey to the kind friends in front.

WHEN everyone else has been duly honoured there is naturally a call for the producer, Mrs. Pampinelli, who expects to get the lion's share of the applause. Unfortunately, at the moment, the rope that governs the movements of the curtain breaks in two, and there is no way by which Mrs. Pampinelli can get to the footlights. The spectacle of Miss Marie Tempest rushing feverishly first to one side and then the other in the hope of getting round the curtain is extremely droll, and brings the second act nicely to an end in a mighty shout of laughter. The third act comes rather as an anti-climax, and seems hardly necessary to complete the story. Perhaps, by this time, some adjustment has been made, and the fun is kept up to the end; but the play is worth seeing in any case if only for the superb acting of Miss Marie Tempest and Miss Athene Seyler.

JINGLE



Stage Photo Co.

AMATEURS AS THE "PRO.'S" SEE THEM

Miss Athene Seyler, Mr. Norman Loring (Marie Tempest's son), Mr. Frank Allanby and Miss Marie Tempest amusingly show the ardours and endurances of amateur theatricals at the Ambassadors Theatre

A Bed-Time Story

Stage Photo Co.

Miss Wyn Clare in the Cat Burglar sketch in the latest brew of that exhilarating mixture, "The Punch Bowl" at the Duke of York's Theatre

THE CRISIS

By R. G. NICHOLLS

He waited for her to speak. All his hopes lay in her and she knew it. On her decision depended his success or failure. Could she answer to the call?

He could not speak plainly; he could not show her his strength; he could not ask for her hand—honour forbade him. He could make no appeal. He could only wait and hope, giving no sign of emotion.

She glanced swiftly at him, trying to read his mind. Ah! He was strong. Of all men he was the only one who drew her. And now he counted on her, depended on her. Without her he was helpless, a strong man, yet weak without her. He could do nothing alone. How she thrilled at the thought! With her he could triumph—without her he would go down, down.

Quickly she recalled his words, firm and proud, given without a tremor. Ah! He was always careless in his defiance, defiant in his carelessness. A trick, perhaps? Did he really care? Her hand she could not give—she was bound. But her heart—ah! that was his, if he wanted it. But did he want it?

The stake was so great. On the one hand honours, diamonds, money: on the other—but she could not think of it.

Convention? She would disregard convention, throw it to the winds. But would he understand?

She hated the complexity of this artificial life. She saw herself a cave woman: he was a cave man, climbing warily after her, a club in his hand.

She gripped herself again. It was madness to think like that. She must play the game.

Proudly she raised her head and looked him full in the face. Then slowly—very slowly—she forced her lips to form the potent words:

"Three no-trumps!!!"

OUR NEWEST AMUSEMENT TAX By Batchelor

"But after all, George, I think silk stockings are a good investment."
"Yes, you certainly show something for your money"

The Fly in the Ointment

Life plays many queer pranks with men and women, and, just as a child amuses itself with its toys, much of it seems without purpose. Some it raises to great altitudes of fame and personal power without any apparent effort on their part, in fact, occasionally to their unconcealed surprise; others it casts down the ladder of success to grovel in a dazed fashion in the mire at the foot, sometimes to remain, or perchance to make a fresh attempt to scale its dizzy height.

But these unfortunates can derive much consolation by realising that to the so-called successful in the moment of their triumph, there nearly always intrudes some disappointment, some unimportant, unlooked-for contingency, so small that its possible existence had never been considered, but which—to use a hackneyed phrase—takes the gilt off the gingerbread.

How often has a man of great enterprise and forethought planned in close and clever detail some project that would make him outstanding amongst his contemporaries, only to realise on reaching his goal that in spite of his astuteness and ability some little point has passed unnoticed in his planning—trivial, perhaps—but one which nevertheless dims the brilliance of his hour of triumph.

It was in this unhappy position that John Mordaunt found himself.

As he sat in his luxuriously-appointed apartment with chin on hand, and eyes that stared blankly ahead of him, he realised that in his well-laid plans which had now matured and which were to make him famous amongst a wide circle of friends, there was one point which he had failed to consider, and which, though not important at the moment, would render his triumph short-lived.

He had forgotten that his trouser-press would be too narrow to take his new Oxford trousers! C. Brewer

MY SHEIKH

I wish that I could meet a Sheikh
Who'd beat me senseless twice a week;

Who'd leave the desert with a rush
And sweep me up from Shepherd's Bush.

A tall, and proud, and cruel Sheikh,
Who'd grip my arm and make me shriek,

But now and then, in passion fierce,
Would gnaw me hard behind the ears.

I'd stay with him beyond the hills;
He'd give me lots and lots of thrills.

He'd keep me near him in a tent
(But always act the Perfect Gent.)

I bet I'd get on just as well
As Ethel Dull, or E. M. Hell:

They write the novels on my shelves,
But . . . have they tried the life themselves?

I wish . . . that I . . . could meet . . . a Sheikh
Who'd beat me senseless twice a week.

L. Spero

CLUB MEMBERS

By DELL LEIGH *Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN*

IV.—THE CULT OF THE CARD ROOM

"He continues with unabated cheerfulness to lose his own and everyone else's money"

Do not imagine that a rubber of bridge, as played in a London club, is a mere matter of a pleasant half-hour's recreation, a game of chance that lifts you enjoyably out of the slough of your business despond. Club bridge is not an indoor pastime. It is a solemn ceremony, steeped in the ritual of the green cloth.

Neither must you assume that a man says genially to any other man he may see sitting about, "Care for a rubber of bridge, old chap?" There is nothing like that about it; unless the one addressed has worked successfully through a severe apprenticeship at the card room bench and has been passed out as fit for card service, Class A.1. I may say here that there are only about half-a-dozen such distinguished men in London: and none of them are members of your club—or of mine. They never are.

No; bridge is a Belief: a Creed. And the call of the card room is only learned by fasting, and heavy financial losses extending over long periods.

Let us observe for a moment how a club game of bridge is arrived at. The smoking room is fairly full after dinner. Shirt fronts creak complacently in a dozen arm-chairs. A stern-visaged individual peers cautiously round the edge of his evening paper, scanning the horizon of the room, much as the captain of a cross-Channel steamer glares anxiously overside the bridge knowing not what enemy may be bearing down upon him through the fog. He wants a rubber. There appears to be only one man in sight fit to play with: the others are impossible. Wherefore he approaches his confederate warily by the devious route of the writing table, the paper rack and a loquacious non-bridge player. Having reached him they confer privily in whispers. Then they send out a scout in the form of a page boy to find out whether Mr. Dogsbodie or Major Cut-throate are upstairs. Nobody else will do. You see, they don't want the club duds to hear that a game is being made up. They have lost money like that before. The scout reports favourably: and one by crafty one they converge upon the card room and close the door carefully behind them . . . thank heaven for *that!* There is still a strong probability, of course, that the dreadful feller Rumball-Sherriffe, who has been sighted in the distance, will desire presently to cut in; but for the moment the danger is averted.

Now these four men, or any other four men in any club card room, are moderately well disposed towards each other when they cut for partners and the drinks are ordered: as well disposed, that is to say, as it is reasonable to expect one club member to be towards another. But as the game progresses, when, say, a couple of hands have been played, an air of faint, admirably restrained hostility begins to descend upon all four jointly and severally—for this is the cult, the inevitable heritage of bridge.

Dogbodie is playing with Cut-throate against Hartupp and Kellman. Hartupp's calling is beyond all the bounds of decency—at least, so the raised eyebrows of Kellman clearly indicate. And when he has the audacity to double three hearts, Kellman vouchsafes a sardonic smile into the void, and spreads Dummy out on the table with a muttered, "Well, I hope you'll get them, I'm sure." These two are now definitely at war. Dogsbodie, on the other hand, has reduced Cut-throate to a state of pipe-stem chewing rage by his *sotto vôce* murmurings, head scratchings, sighs, age-long pauses, indecisions as to lead, and general give-the-show-away signals; and they are on the high road to being 600 down on the rubber.

Their several miseries are accentuated by the advent of the cheery cutter-in. Mr. Rumball-Sherriffe enters the card room. He is one of these poised, self-complacent optimists who is sublimely ignorant of the fact that he is "the worst bridge player in Europe." This much has been conveyed to him time and again covertly, by open condemnation of his methods, by subtle suggestion and bald insult; such as "Good God, sir! that was a queer call of yours." Or, "I suppose you realise that gives them game *and* rubber? . . ." But he continues with unabated cheerfulness to lose his own and everyone else's money, and thinks he is really quite an experienced card player. And there he is: and by the cult of the card room he must be admitted into whatever select circle has ensconced itself inimically in the far corner, whether they despise him or not—which they invariably do.

Then there are the tricks of speech and mannerisms picked up unconsciously by followers of the cult. There is the vehemently expressed disinclination of A to sit in a certain chair, after it has cost him 15*s.* by his own idiotic play. "I never could bear this chair," he exclaims, "there's a hoodoo on it; do you mind changing places with me?. . . ."

There is the weather-beaten old sportsman, an "in-and-out" player, subject to odd lapses of memory at crucial moments, who, when attacked, ripostes with the smug reply, "Well, I don't know. I've played that convention with some success for the last twenty years. But I agree with you the cards want *playing*, of course." Which implies "You can't play the game so what is the use of talking? . . . ."

There is the utterly abominable fellow who plunges into a verbose explanation as to *why* he did not overtake in Dummy and come back through those Spades; all of which merely goes to show what a rotten bridge player he is.

In fact the universal expression of opinion in all clubs is:—

"The standard of play in this club is very low, y'know; very low, indeed. Pity: a great pity. . . ."

THE KISS "CURL"

"HULLO, SUMMER! LONDON CALL

BY A. K. MACDONALD

ING"—A PHANTASY IN OPTIMISM

BY WALTER MURRAY

A DOUBLE DISILLUSIONMENT—THE SHEIK OF ARABY AND HIS EAGER WESTERN VICTIMS!

PARISIANA By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

THOUGH Paris theatre critics could scarcely be expected to go so far as to say so straight out, *the* play of the season has come from London, and it has come in the form of a surprise that has discountenanced quite a heap of *poseurs*. The play is Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan*, in its French guise of *St. Jeanne*, which is a threefold triumph—first for the author, who has at last been understanded of the Parisians after, I believe, an unbroken sequence of failures; secondly, for the translators, M. and Mme. Hamon, and, thirdly, for the staging and acting of M. and Mme. Pitoeff, innovators who have not always met with such felicity.

THERE would be no point in saying anything about *St. Joan* as *St. Joan*, because you already know all there is to be said of it. The finest thing that one can write about *St. Jeanne* is that it is still *St. Joan*, spoken in the French tongue instead of the English. So to have kept the very essence of the original, is very near to a masterpiece of translation, the superb craftsmanship of which is the more intensely appreciated by anyone who has tried to accomplish "living" translation, and is the more matter for admiration because Mr. Shaw, on account of his mannerisms, his parodoxical reasoning, and uncomprehended mentality, is uncommonly hard to put into French. M. and Mme. Hamon have often been reproached for imperfect translation of Shavianism, but they have conquered at last and, happily, with Shaw's greatest play.

AS producers, M. and Mme. Pitoeff have reached the footing of the translators, and they could ask for no higher compliment. All the intelligent ingenuity of which M. Pitoeff has given proof, even in the staging of plays that were not always so deserving, has had full scope. Monsieur is *savoureux* as the Dauphin and Madame of charming and simple grace as Jeanne—perhaps slightly over-accentuating the simplicity; but one would have to be *très gourmand* to ask for two Sybil Thorndikes. Obviously the Pitoeffs and the Hamons have had a passionate affection for *St. Joan*, and this has moved them to surpass all efforts of the past.

Mme. L. Pitoeff in St. Jeanne"

AS for the reception by critics and first-nighters, Mr. Shaw may possibly wonder what to do about it, as he is so accustomed to all kicks and no ha'pence from Paris, to which he has been in the habit of retaliating that Paris did not possess sufficient capacity to understand him. And the old misconceptions were being perpetuated so long as *St. Joan* remained untranslated. *Poseurs* who pretended to have witnessed and understood the original, had informed Paris that the *incorrigible Irlandais*, jesting as ever, had offended the susceptibilities of French people by an irreverent caricature of the Maid. And Parisians, disquietingly prepared to be scandalised, were astounded to discover Jeanne presented much more reverently than by many French authors. Much in Mr. Shaw's past attacks on Parisians has been forgiven for this.

Pour les femmes—nothing is decided"

ONE incidental, Mr. Shaw will undoubtedly savour. This concerns the controversial epilogue. Half a dozen critics inform the translators that it could have been left out of the French version, though they say they understand that the author found it necessary to include it in the original in order to explain the meaning of the play to London audiences.

IT has been the experience of Marcel and myself to be invited to some peculiar places, but we were more than surprised to receive an invitation to

"Snakes as necklace"

the Realm of Chimeras, a suburb with which we were entirely unacquainted. It is not quite clear which of us is expected to compose a madrigal, when there shall assemble in this Realm the *cour d'amour*, in which poets and rhetoricians are expected to compete for the post of Queen's poet. I imagine that someone has broadcast Marcel's qualifications as a rhetorician after overhearing him expound to his *concierge* seven hundred and seventy-nine reasons why he should receive his letters on the day instead of on the morrow.

ANYHOW, even if victorious, we shall decline to wear the court costumes. Though not averse to white trousers, we burke, most emphatically burke, at black tail-coats with white lapels and bunches of white ribbons on the shoulders. Those bunches of ribbons sound too much like May Day gee-gees. It appears that for lady Chimeras, *rien n'est décidé*, which seems to be open to a double construction. It would be advisable to put the better construction on it and not accentuate the first dangerous word.

THESE Chimera uniforms sound as if they would be very serious rivals to the ultra-modern cubist costumes one had to endure at the mad Bal de la Grande Ourse, which seems to have a relationship of spirit with the Chimera concourse. If it is open to novices to introduce members I shall certainly propose the thrilling little lady who came to the races at Longchamp with a couple of small serpents round her neck, *en guise de collier*. Chimeras and the Grand Guignol touch seem to warrant neighbourly acquaintance.

SQUEAMISHNESS runs to funny forms in different localities. The Manchester Watch Committee, for example, is often affected in quite a different way from the London City Council and the Parisian authorities will pass what their colleagues of London would declare taboo. But there has been one of the quaintest of outbreaks over what is knows as the *course de vaches landaises*, which is designed to set before Paris the thrills of the bull-fight as practised in that part of France which is nearly Spain. Bull-fighting, of course, is officially prohibited in France though winked at in the Basque country, and holds little appeal for Parisians who see no glory and very little colour in it.

THUS, one would have imagined that there might be an outcry against trying to introduce bull-fighting in the capital. *Mais, pas du tout.* There is a protest, but it is against the fact that the beasts to be tortured in these exhibitions are not bulls but cows. As the animals are of the *sexe faible*, it is held to betray a lack of gallantry and to be "unworthy." Yet Frenchwomen say there is sex antagonism in the land and ask for the vote to "redress" the situation.

THE Paris Exposition has incurred an unlimited amount of abuse, principally because the style of the Decorative Arts echoes Munich rather than Paris, but it merits felicitation for the production of a new joke. I was wandering about one of the pavilions when a newly wealthy client, with the truly international spirit and an acquired if uncertain taste for English interior decoration, ferreted out a salesman to give an order: "I want a hall," he said, "a hall-right. It must be *tout à fait* all right."

RENÉ

"The ultra modern costumes"

TO OUR READERS ABROAD

THE Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

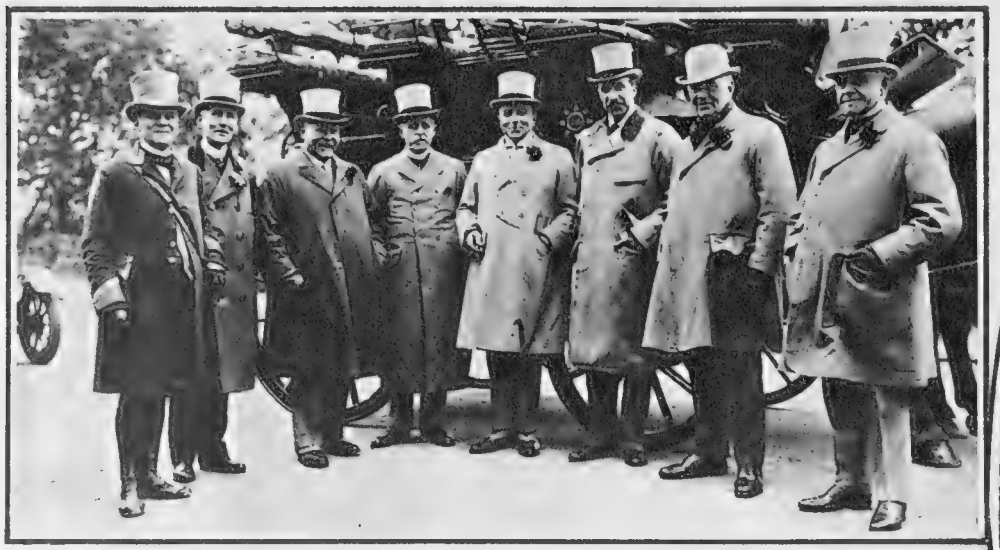
"To Charm the Eye with Lang'rous Eastern Tread"

Vaughan and Freeman

MISS JULIE SUDO

Who, despite her name, is no pseudo dancing expert, as witness her fine performance in the new film production, "Satan's Daughter"

Some of Our Snap Selections



COACHING DIE-HARDS *W. A. Rouch*

A group taken at Worcester Park during the opening run of the Old Berkeley coach to Leatherhead. The photograph shows: Bullock, the Guard (left), Mr. Robinson, Mr. F. Ward, Mr. Garland, Mr. Claud Goddard, General White, Mr. Ted Fownes and Mr. Truett

Sport and General

A HENDON "MATINEE"

Miss Wynn Clare, of the "Punch Bowl" revue, umpiring at the London Country Club during the match between the "Tarnish" and "Punch Bowl" Companies. The Punch Bowlers won the match by three events to two. Miss Gwen Farrar proved to be the dominating factor for the Duke of York's Theatre Team

OUT AFTER OTTERS *Photopress*

The Crowhurst Otter Hounds crossing Woolbeding Bridge near Midhurst, under the charge of Mr. S. W. Varndell, the Master and Huntsman. Mr. Varndell reaches his twenty-first year of Mastership this season

Sport and General

STOOL-BALL COMES TO TOWN

Mr. Justice (W. W. Grantham's K.C's Stool-Ball XI which recently played a match at Lord's against Mr. E. F. Campbell's M.P's team after the second annual Stool-Ball conference to consider the rules of the game. Scotland, Wales, France, America, China and Japan were all represented. Although Mr. Justice Grantham scored 68 not out, his side lost the match

Sport and General

IN FOR A GOOD RUN"

Miss Dora Lennox playing for the "Punch Bowl" against the "Tarnish" Company from the Comedy. Mr. Archibald de Bear and Mr. Greville Collins, the respective managers, also joined battle, the latter winning hands down

From the Field of Play

AT STOKE POGES *Topical*

Players in the annual Ladies' versus Men's singles and foursomes at Stoke Poges. The ladies, who received an even half, lost by 8 events to 7 after having won the foursomes by 3 matches to 2. The photograph shows: Miss Glenna Collett (left), Mrs. Cautley, Miss Joyce Wethered, Miss Hunnewell, Miss Lobbett, Mrs. Latham Hall, Mrs. Gavin, Mr. G. N. Humphries, Mr. W. A. Murray, Mr. O. C. Bristowe, Mr. A. R. Gould, Miss Fowler, Mr. E. F. Storey, Mr. Bernard Drew, Mr. G. MacCullum and Mr. C. J. H. Tolley

Sport ana General

A NEW TENNIS STAR

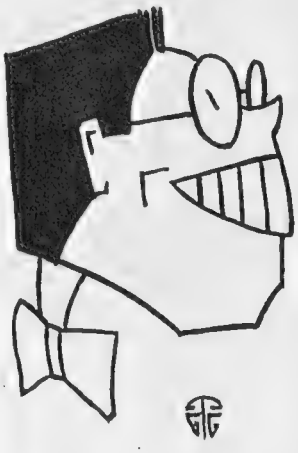
Miss Joan Fry who beat Miss McKane 3—6, 6—3, 6—4, in the final of the Ladies' Singles in the Croydon Tournament. She is a young player entirely lacking in "nerves"

Aitken

WHITE WINGS ON THE THAMES

Two "A" Class boats of the Thames Sailing Club racing at Surbiton. Four boats took part in the event which was held under Sailing Boat Association Rules, but one of those competing, Mr. T. L. Turketine's "Kingfisher," fouled a buoy. The race was won by Mr. F. Sigrist's "Viva," which started scratch. Messrs. Scott and Stevenson's "Saucy Sally" finished second, and Mr. A. Johnson Noad's "Carina" third

YOGO HAMA ON GRAND OPERATICS



MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

ALMOST or very nearly after these words have grown dry on my pen, we shall wake up ourselves to find we are faced to faced with an operatical season in Covents Garden. Here will sing like larks and other feather throatsters, some prime and very celebrate donnas, tenners and suchly persons with specially prepared and h.p. voices. This so exclusive news should make to rejoice all who dote to hear Wagner, Faust, Carmen and other world-wide compositors whose notes have grown to become like as household words. This so great operatical festive will also cause to magically change Covents Garden from a vegetable emporium to a *rendezvous* (French for a deposit) of fashions, ranks and beauties. Crusted peerages, masc. and femn, will place their Hon. footsteps on spots where hithertoly only cabbages have rested; the Garden will ring like as a welkin with the sweetish voices of Mayfair femns instead of the politeless profanes of vegetable transporting persons. We shall be able to not only see these Debretts in all their blue-blood and other good-breeding perks, but also many numerous high-brow persons who live only for their souls and do not care for their faces or other mundane sorrows. Chelsea Intelligentsias will throng to be present, also St. John's Woods, Golder's Greens and other brain centres where everybody lives on culture, peptones and other thoughtful foods.

"Chelsea Intelligentsias"

No doubtfully there shall also arrive themselves a few significantless non-sophisticates, provincials, lower 10's, and suchly *ignorami* who have run away to suppose they shall see Hon. Sir George Robey or Hon. Sir Billy Merson as Samson and Delilah or other classical rolls. Permit, howeverly, I should warn saidly *ignorami* that this are entirely not so, and that persons do not witness operatics to experience mirths and suchly happy feelings, but very contradistinctly to improve their intelligents and refinements so they may achieve to grow very muscularly developed brows and other coveted perks.

"Kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to decoct some goodish hintings re concerning these operatics for the benefits of Hon. BYSTANDER readers who are non-sophisticates, so they shall not blush crimsonly for ignorance when making to visit for the 1-st time this so celebrated *levée* (French for rendezvous)," you imbeg, Hon. Sir?

Indeedly yes, I repop, this are very goodish idea. Persons who imbibe the as follows tippings need not fear to blush for bad etiquettes, but feel completely brazen and full of brass.

High-breeding persons always take a box, but kindly not run away to suppose this are an egg, soap or suchly commercial box, but entirely the reverse. Operatic boxes are the smallish departments where very exclusive persons can peaceishly enjoy mutual conversings during the operatics without suffering to be annoyed by the politeless chatters of persons who only have paid 7s. or 10s. 6d. per entrance fee. It are very irritateish, as the tyroe shall soonly discover, to be non-able to talk because of the so loud conversings of non-mannered persons in our adjacents.

"Enormous musical winds"

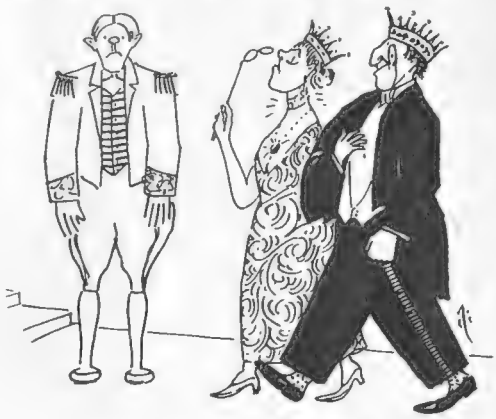
Also it are very bad politics to sit next to Hon. band because it emits so enormous musical winds and operatic gales, that it will cause you to blow off your seat or other dis-commodings. Non-sophisticates and bucolics should carefully to note the vizly good tipping:

A prime donna are a very enlarged femn which has develop stupendous wind-powers so she may enable herself to ejacule high notes at very expensive rates. An impunctuation would cause her to immediately non-produce saidly notes, but only groans and non-lucrative squeeks. It necessitates numerous years to sufficiently inflate with musical winds a prime donna, thusly they are not very youthish but weigh cwts.

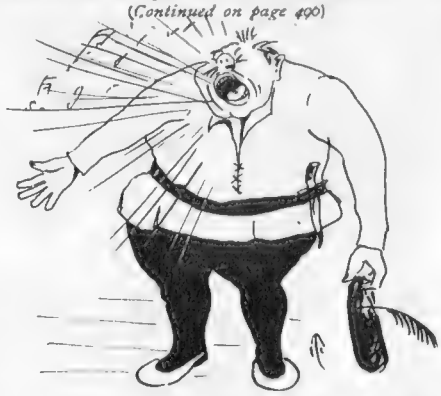
"High-breeding persons"

A tenner are a masc prime donna which also has been impumped with vocal airs for exploding in songs. This makes them likewisely to be very inflated or they could not suffice to imbottle so great wind-pressures to a

(Continued on page 490)



"Crusted peerages masc. and femn."



"A tenner are a masc prime donna"

A "Short" Slip

BY HAROLD EARNSHAW

THE BOY WHO TURNED OUT INCORRECTLY DRESSED FOR CRICKET

sq. in., but would debust with a bang or other operatical catastrophic.

Let us now imagine to suppose we are witnessing to see an operatic. Not any stage person must talk, but only sing, else they should get bagged on the spot. Thusly Hon. hero sings he loves Hon. heroine (prime donna) and if she does not nuptial him will poison himself with a dagger. Hon. villain sings he also loves the prime donna, but not for nuptialling. This makes to be very mad Hon. hero who sings he will defunct Hon. villain like as a vermin insect if he seeks to annoy Hon. heroine. Hon. villain sings ha, ha, also that Hon. hero are very sophisticateless person who was birthed about only yesterday and is still green

"Perform a duel"

as a cabbage. Hon. hero pulls a sword from his pocket and sings he will push it into Hon. villain for 2 pins. This causes Hon. villain to sing he will blow off Hon. hero's head with his sword and depockets same. They then perform a combat duet for who shall die 1-st and Hon. hero decapitates Hon. villain in the stomach. Hon. prime donna now appears herself and sings how she wishes to be also defunct because of loving deceased and not Hon. hero who she would not nuptial for nuts. Hon. hero then sings he shall die, and stabs

"Sings how she wishes to be also defunct"

himself in the back with his sword. He sings for 1 or more hours with his last breath and that are the end.

The most famous opera are called Wagner and has very tremendous h.p. music so that we can imagine to suppose we are suffering a thunder or other aerial cataclysmic. Also there are valkyries, nibelungs, gottdammerungs and other extinct species which cause it to be very entertaining spectacular. But most of all I dote to witness Hon.

"Hon. valkyries on feathered equines"

valkyries on feathered equines performing tremendous miles to the gallon, pursuing at hottish speeds the nibelungs which they hope to nuptial if caught, but cannot succeed to do. This causes them to be very wrathish while the band blows enormous airs and other gales so that we think we are sitting in a cyclone and shall soonly be demolish.

I trust to hope that these few informations shall adequately help the bucolic tyroe to enjoy the 1925 operaticals, which he cannot say I have not given him good warnings of. Also it should be a goodish plan to accompany with him a copy of this BYSTANDER to refresh his understandings.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you successfully sustain very O.K. good healths, I remain,

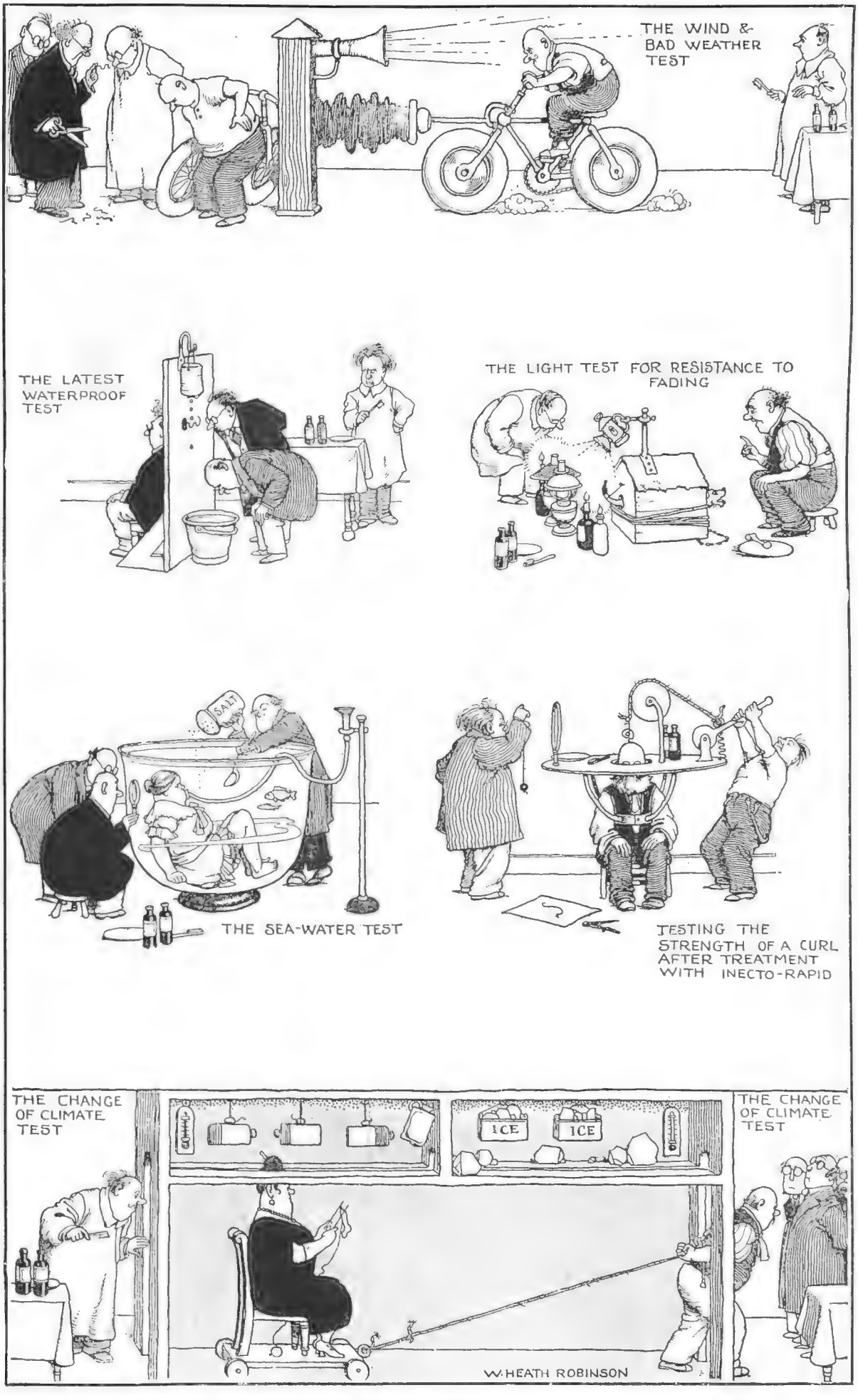
Yugo Hama

ROUGH JUSTICE

By Graham Simmons

MAGISTRATE: "Couldn't this case be settled out of court?"

ONE OF THE CONTESTANTS: "That's just what we were doing, sir, when the police interfered"



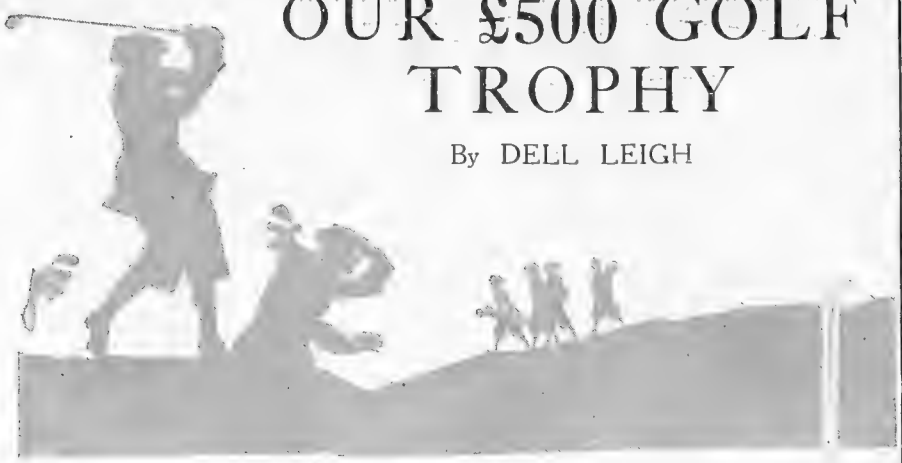
In his own inimitable fashion, Mr. W. Heath Robinson pays his tribute of humour to the merits of the

INECTO RAPID

treatment for the re-colouration of the hair.

OUR £500 GOLF TROPHY

By DELL LEIGH



A group of some of the competitors—and the Bystan

ANOTHER day out for the Pros. Really the Golf Professionals are a lucky race of men—with a little skill, of course, added to their other attributes. The third annual mixed foursome competition for THE BYSTANDER Trophy, plus a few shimmering silver pots glinting in the very occasional sunlight, brought as large a crowd as ever to the Country Club at Hendon last week. Sixty entries and not one eleventh-hour "scratching." The Pros. being all rated at plus 4, the ladies playing off their L.G.U. handicaps, and the pairs receiving three-eighths of the combined handicap, produced some really exciting golf from the 120 players who drove from the tees. So much so that the morning and afternoon rounds resulted in a triple tie between Roehampton, the holders, George Gadd and Miss S. Dampney; Wanstead, Percy Alliss and Mrs. Amor; and Oxhey, E. Ray and Miss J. Stocker, 154 all.

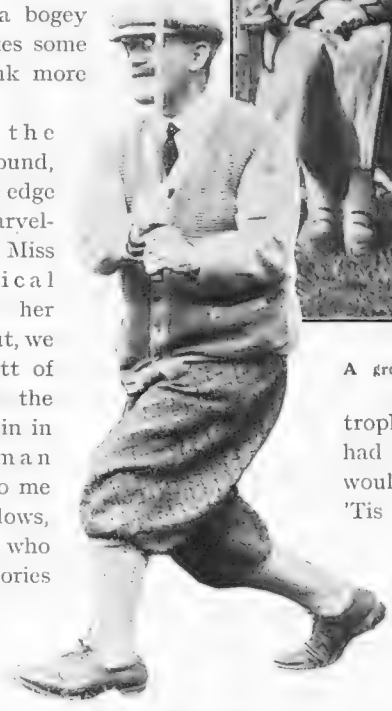
This meant a replay late in the afternoon over 9 holes, and we all trooped into the arena once again. At the 8th hole it was all square, and one to go. Lovely for the spectators, but not so amusing for the three anxious ladies. When the 9th hole had been played and scores were being added up, it looked as if there was another tie, and as it was by then 7.15 of the clock the matter was rather serious. However, Ted Ray and Miss Stocker had won by half a point—and we all breathed again, especially, I imagine, Miss Joan Stocker! The three final scores reading:

Ray and partner ..	37
Alliss and partner ..	37½
Gadd and partner..	39

A pretty close finish even for a nerve-shattering game like golf. When you consider that Ted Ray and Miss Stocker were playing off scratch, 37 for 9 holes is not so jolly dusty after two tiring rounds on a heavy course having a bogey of 76. It makes some of us men think more than a bit.

During the morning round, standing on the edge of a green, marvelling greatly at Miss Stocker's stoical poise, and at her game throughout, we saw a yard putt of hers shiver on the brink and remain in sight. A man standing next to me (one of those fellows, don't you know, who has sound theories about everything) said, "Ah! it's those sort of putts that lose trophies." And sure enough, if that ball had taken another half turn at itself there would have been no tie and no replay. 'Tis ever thus. But she won in the end, and deserved to, for her golf, generally speaking, was of a high order, as usual.

So was the golf of many of the other ladies. Noticeably that of Mrs. Douglas Fish, partnered by the imperturbable Ritchie. This



ALEX HERD (Moor Park)

THE FINALISTS

Percy Alliss and Mrs. Amor (Wanstead), E. Ray and Miss J. Stocker (Oxhey) and Miss S. Dampney and George Gadd (Roehampton) who tied for first place with a score of 154. In the replay over nine holes, Ray and Miss Stocker won with a return of 37

OUTSIDE THE CLUBHOUSE

£500 Trophy—photographed together after the day's battle on the course of the London Country Club at Hendon

Photographs *G. P. U.*

GOING INTO ACTION

Four of the competitors in the Bystander Trophy competition on the course at Hendon. The photograph shows (left) Mrs. D. Lock and W. B. Smith, (Hadley Wood), and the Coombe Hill pair A. Havers and Miss M. E. Crowther

HARRY VARDON (South Herts)

JOSH TAYLOR
(Richmond Park)

lady's play has improved to a remarkable extent since she came to Addington two years ago, and she and her partner were the only couple to play off the plus 1 mark. It is a pity she is not going to the Championship at Troon; her play is as impressive as it is steady, and she is blessed with the right temperament for the big occasion.

Another young player who wants watching (if she will forgive the expression) is Miss M. E. Crowther, from Coombe Hill. She was partnered by Arthur Havers, and he must have been glad of it. That L.G.U. 16 handicap won't be hers to play with for long, I predict. She has got some beautiful shots, and is likely soon to have a good many more, judging by appearances.

Any man who stands all day and watches sixty women on putting-greens will go home a sadder and a wiser golfer. And talking of putting, there is a putter Ritchie uses — which he calls "The Uncannie." The very name would give me confidence—wouldn't it you? I feel, sitting here, that I could sink them every time with an "Uncannie," somehow. But I probably should not when it came to the tense moment. The following are the scores of the first eight couples:

E. Ray and Miss J. Stocker (Oxhey) .. 154
Replay, 37
P. Alliss and Mrs. Amor (Wanstead) .. 154
Replay, 37½
Geo. Gadd and Miss S. Dampney (Roehampton) 154
Replay, 39 (holders)
A. J. Young and Mrs. E. Poulton (Sonning) 155
J. J. Taylor and Mrs. Harris (Potter's Bar) 156
A. Havers and Miss M. Crowther (Coombe Hill) 157
H. C. Jolly and Mrs. C. S. Hurst (Foxgrove) 157
W. G. Oke and Miss R. Rabbidge (Fulwell) 157

Are We Getting Victorian?

By BLANCHETTE

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"Modernity"

DEAR COUSIN—

ARE we, I wonder, on the verge or threshold of a sort of Renaissance, or revival, of the good old Victorian days and ways? History moves in circles, they say, don't they? And almost looks, some ways, as if this little whirling world of ours was just starting on a fresh new turn, going all backwards and the other way round this time.

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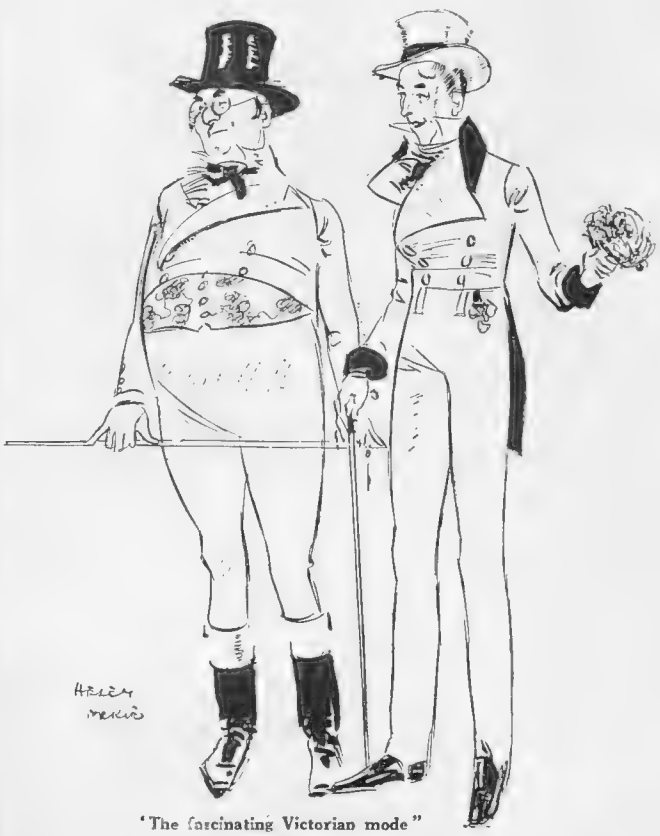
TAKE the old R.A. for one. . . . Yes, I know, of course, it's always a bit on the conservative side, but this year everyone agrees it's positively prehistorically Victorian, and even the now once more typically John-Bullish *Times* goes so far as to call it "thoroughly respectable." And you can't say much fairer nor *that*, can you? Even though, as someone else has almost as cruelly remarked, there are quite a lot of painters in it who seem to have *heard* about Impressionism.

卐

SOME exceptions, of course, but, oh! such a few on the whole. Mr. Walter Sickert, for one, with his moderately daring "The Freckled Boy," and rather surprising "Victor Lecour." And there's a brilliant Glyn Philpot, "The Street Accident," all in soft pinks and browns, but really big and fine. Most remarkable of all, perhaps, Mrs. Dod Procter's "The Model," which really has quite modernistic touches in its quiet strength. Also the Orpen "Man *v.* Beast," that everyone's talking about because of its odd subject, in a year when subject-pictures are few. And then the Sargent of Lady Curzon of Kedleston — but here we begin already to edge off into the ancient Academy style. . .



"The fascinating Victorian mode"

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ALL the better and nicer, of course, for the nice country parsons and people who'll be simply flocking up in the next few weeks or so to put in their little bit of breathless annual dissipation — seeing the Academy, or a Concert (the last Symphony one at Queen's Hall alas! was given on Saturday) and Wembley (as revised), and, perhaps, a match at Lord's and possibly even tea at the Corner House and a dashing evening at the Coliseum—what? As they say in *On With the Dance* at the Pav., "even clergymen are naughty now and then."

卐

BUT talking of this Victorian Renaissance, I really do believe it's here and right upon us just now. And is

"Poke bonnets might prove becoming"

partly, and quite sure, a kind of rebellion, or revolt, or counterblast, to the so-called sex plays that have been showered on us lately with, no doubt, brilliant, but sometimes—may I breathe it?—wellnigh boring reiteration.

卐

TAKE Mr. Noel Coward, for instance. He's written some fearfully brilliant stuff, and *The Young Idea* was the best farce-comedy written since Oscar Wilde—only, unfortunately, it arrived at the wrong moment, apparently, and only ran six weeks instead of a year or so. So he, very rashly (but wisely from the Exchequer point of view), wrote another of the same, only with a good deal of the human shaved off and a lovely moral ending. And the world said, "It's fine."

卐

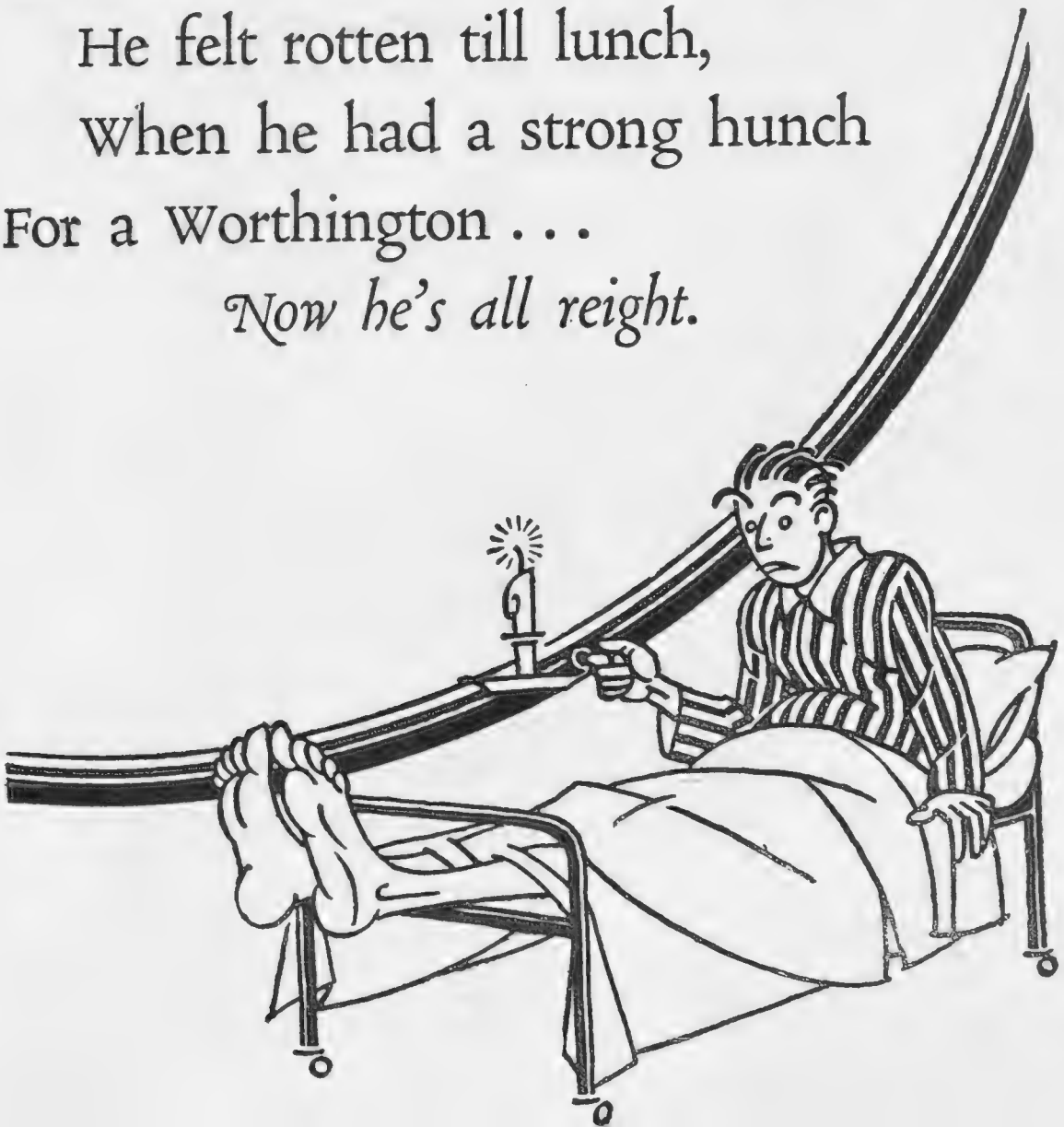
BUT then, intoxicated with his success, so to speak, he promptly poured out what they call a "sex-play," and we've had so many of them

(Continued on page 502)

Worthington Limericks

No. 3. "Nonsense," says our poet, "is the very essence of the Limerick"—which accounts for his roundabout way of expressing the urgent need for a WORTHINGTON for lunch.

A man nearly 6 feet in height
Grew another 2 feet in one neight.
He felt rotten till lunch,
When he had a strong hunch
For a Worthington . . .
Now he's all reight.



lately that we're positively almost full up for the moment. The British Nation in any case is rather reluctant, isn't it, to acknowledge that there are as many as two sexes in the world unless their representatives happen to be married? But when you're asked to believe that a couple of wives, as in *Fallen Angels* at the Globe, could actually discuss extra-matrimonial affairs, as you might say . . . well, no wonder we are terribly shocked and get a sort of revolt and revulsion that shoots us back even to the very early Victorian.

ALSO, seeing we're on the topic of this young author, may mention that even in the aforesaid *On With the Dance* (which Mr. Charles Cochran has made such a great come-back with), signs of this Victorian Renaissance are (though quite unintentionally, I'm sure) not altogether absent. Perfectly lovely scene, for example, there is, wherein we have little excerpts from the bright life of the Variety boards as it used to be in the 1890's. When they high-kicked, with black silk stockings and masses of long skirts and billowy, frilly petticoats and all that sort of thing. . . . But after that came the modern "on with the dance" business, and, believe me, there wasn't really so very much difference, after all.

SAME old high-kicking, only rather more so. All the girls, especially, must have spent their before-breakfast and after-tea hours for months and months practising contortions and things. To judge, that is, from the way they all come in walking on their hands and turning double somersaults and so on. And picking off someone's hat with their toe, and then putting it back same way. Which is all very jolly, I agree, but (or and) also really very Victorian—what?

NOT that there isn't lots of modernity in it, too, with the always delightful Delysia occasionally quite what some of the Victorians might call improper. As, for instance, in her Continental train scene, when she shares a compartment with a young man, and even her most hardened admirers are almost able to raise a blush.

A QUITE joyous affair the whole show though, and certainly rather justifies its title for once. All about dancing it is—and indeed quite surprisingly remarks rather suddenly, one of the characters does, that "there's some pretty naughty dancing at the Embassy Club." Which is the first I'd heard of *that*—but

"Picking off somebody's hat with their toe"

no matter. And there's a perfectly lovely catch or refrain—

Couldn't we, Couldn't we, Couldn't we
Keep on dancing?

which absolutely and immorally captivates somehow the un-Victorian mind.

TALKING of Delysia, reminds me of her quondam partner, Leon Morton, the droll comedian. Has blossomed out into a cabaret producer he has, and is responsible for the new French cabaret *Chez Oddenino*. Besides Morton as *compère*, there is Marguerite Moussy, who recently appeared with Maurice Chevalier in *Dédé* at the Bouffes Parisiennes; Nina Gerard with a magical violin and songs worth hearing, and one Attic all the way from Greece, who whistles two notes at once, to wit, the soprano and contralto parts of a song. Fact!

"RING DOWN THE CURTAIN"

One of the last photographs taken of that great comedian and generous-hearted fellow, Alfred Lester, whose recent death in Madrid came as such a shock to his many friends and admirers. Lester was appearing until recently in 'The Punch Bowl" revue, where his sympathetic study of the old Punch and Judy showman was a characterisation of great charm and finish

BUT Victoria-wards we seem to be undoubtedly tending and gravitating. Chaperones—think of it—have been engaged, am told, in several cases for parties who are going to the Commem. dances at Oxford. The home of lost causes, of course, they say, Oxford is, but still. . . .

NOT sure really, between you and me, that I haven't been rather fascinated by this Victorian mode myself. In the way of clothes, anyway. Poke bonnets, I believe, might prove quite fairly becoming, not to mention hoops or bustles—only Victoria sat on that throne so long that you can't be quite altogether certain which of the fashions of her reign to choose.

TALKING about clothes, by the way, all the prospective debs. are so dreadfully busy buying theirs for the Courts which start next week, that I've been even dragged in myself to help choose. And have insisted on colours—white being so terribly *démodé* even for the youngest and most innocent. Lovely pale blues, lavenders and pinks, champagne and *eau de nil* . . . those are the tints of the moment for the deb. of the moment—how I *do* wish at least one of 'em would suddenly have the audacity to turn out in bright red and even *black!*

ANOTHER Victorian renaissance, alas, we seem to be threatened with urgently, and unless someone does something drastic. . . . The departure of silk stockings to wit, owing to those horrid, detestable, positively iniquitous taxes that Winston (whom I'd hitherto always loved) has done on us in his Budget. Only alternatives to which seem to be (1) bare legs; (2) cashmere ones; but far better than either (3) death.

With love, yours ever,

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RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

On the Roodeye

In spite of mixed weather the annual gathering at Chester proved as enjoyable as ever. Socially it was just as successful as from the sporting point of view. What a roar went up from the vast crowd when the well-backed Spithead withstood the gallant efforts of little Daimyo and won the Cup. The popularity of the result could not be questioned, and it was pleasant to see a public favourite win an important handicap after the many upsets of expectations which have lately occurred in races of this type. The Stanley House stable is in rare form just now, and the successes of Highbrow and Spithead made a notable Chester double for Lord Derby and his trainer. It is doubtful, however, whether either of these triumphs gave quite as much pleasure to the Hon. George Lambton as the victory of Sansovino at Lingfield earlier in the week.

The Derby

The next big race which the stable have in view is the Derby. I have the most favourable accounts of the progress of Conquistador, and his trainer is extremely hopeful. The colt runs at Haydock Park this week, the main idea being to give him experience over a course with a left-hand turn. This will be serviceable in view of the fact that the Epsom course turns in the same direction. On Sunday next Ptolemy is due to run in the French Two Thousand. Great interest attaches to his performance, and if he wins in good style he is sure to return to Derby favouritism. Last week Manna supplanted him in that position. The Beckhampton colt will be ridden in the Derby by Donoghue if Ptolemy does not perform up to expectations on Sunday. The King's colt Runnymede is quite likely to run well at Epsom. His form in the Guineas can be completely ignored. For some

By "The Tout"

SIR JOHN RUTHERFORD

Whose "Solario" was by no means disgraced in the "Guineas" and is quietly fancied for the Derby. Michael Beary will be the jockey

reason he was off colour that day, but he showed his true form in the Dee Stakes last week. His victory was one of the most agreeable features of the Chester gathering.

Newmarket Stakes

Among the probable competitors for the Newmarket Stakes on Wednesday are Cross Bow, Ethnarch, Bucellas, Oojah, Zionist, and Solario. Thus we are assured of an interesting tussle. I do not think we have seen the best of Bucellas and Solario so far this season. The latter's form in the Guineas was too bad to be true, and his trainer has by no means lost faith in him. Reggie Day thinks the colt wants longer journeys than the Rowley Mile, and fully expects him to render a good account of himself in the Derby. In all likelihood we shall see an improved Solario this week. Bucellas is capable of great advancement, but I believe he is more likely to shine in the second half of the season. We shall be curious to observe how Cross Bow shapes this week. The impression is growing that this colt may prove an effective substitute for Picaroon in the Derby. Certainly he is coming on by leaps and bounds. I do not care about trusting Zionist again after the way in which he flinched when the pressure was put on in the Two Thousand. I think that **Solario** each way will prove the best bet in the Stakes.

Other Selections

On the concluding day of the meeting at headquarters, **St. Becan** runs for the Payne Stakes, and ought not to have much trouble in winning. **Simony** will be seen in the Bedford Stakes, and I predict a further success for him. At Gatwick on Friday I select **Son of Spring** for the Home Bred Cup, and **Sebastian** should take the Prince's Handicap on the second day. At Haydock Park **Riding Light** and **Haine** are likely winners.

POLO NOTES . . . . . By A. W. Coaten

Team Building

Apparently the Committee appointed to select the British Army team are not finding it easy to make up their minds as to which are the four best players for the respective positions. The trial matches at Tidworth were not particularly conclusive. The most important of the various games was that in which Captains W. L. and W. S. McCreery, Captain C. H. Tremayne, and Major Vivian Lockett represented one side. The other team consisted of Lieut.-Colonel T. P. Melvill, Lieut.-Colonel F. B. Hurndall, Captain J. B. Dening, and Captain D. C. Boles. The former side won by 4 goals to 3. In this trial Captain W. S. McCreery was markedly successful in the attack, and he is strongly in the running for his place in the side against the Americans.

Form of the Players

Colonel Melvill has not done himself full justice in the trial matches, nor has Captain Dening yet played fully up to the great reputation he holds in Indian polo. Probably this is because Captain Dening's ponies have not long arrived from the East, and are accordingly in the process of acclimatisation. Major Lockett has been in good form so far, and it is believed that the duty of captaining the British team at Hurlingham will fall to him. It can safely be assumed that he would like to have Captain Boles behind him in the big matches. The two have played together in many a hard-fought game, and they have a fine record in the Inter-Regimental Tournament. Captain Boles is one of the heaviest polo players in the Army, and consequently it is not an easy matter to mount him adequately. Providing this difficulty is overcome, we shall probably find him in the defence for the British Army.

A Likely Side

In the meantime the American players have made a favourable impression at Aldershot. They fairly made rings round a local team a few days ago. The quickness of their forwards to make the most of their opportunities was specially noticeable. They are very sure when within range of goal, and it is clear that they have concentrated on goal hitting practice. On the last occasion that international polo was played at Hurlingham, superiority in scoring ability turned the scale in favour of the Americans. I recall in particular one match in which the home side did everything well except score.

Question of Scoring

Goodness knows how many valuable chances of hitting goals were thrown away then, and it was galling to contrast the ineptitude of our forwards in this respect with the almost unfailing accuracy of the visitors. I hope this weakness will not be apparent in the inter-Army matches. In any case it is evident that we must not under-estimate the United States' soldiers. We shall need the strongest team our Army Selection Committee can get together. I have just seen a plan of the seating accommodation at Hurlingham for the Inter-Army fixtures. The prices for the stands have been arranged on a moderate scale, and I do not suppose Hurlingham will have any difficulty in filling them. As I have previously stated, the club has been put to considerable expense by the visit of the American Army team, one of the chief items being the cost of the shipment of the ponies.

THE SMALL HOURS

(Copyright J. C. Eno Ltd.)

(Photo by Yevonde.)

When you are up late, go to bed slowly. If that isn't a French proverb, it ought to be! Don't scamp the ministration to hair and teeth and skin because it's nearly two. It's much more necessary than if it was ten. And here is a hint of great value in the art of keeping level with life. Half a tea-spoonful of ENO's "Fruit Salt" in half a tumbler of water—last thing of all. Your inner system will be thankful for it. Your sleep, small in quantity, will be good in quality. Your waking will be more willing than it would have been.

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An Historic English Home

BY HELEN McKIE

Cobham Hall, the stately residence of the Earl of Darnley, can show some of the finest specimens of Tudor architecture in England, and some excellent pieces of early Renaissance. It originally belonged to the Lords Cobham, and was given by James I. to his cousin, the Duke of Richmond and Lenox. In 1672 it passed to a sister, the Baroness Clifton, whose grand-daughter married the first Earl of Darnley. Time has brought many changes here as in other places where History has left its tragic mark. Once buried in the heart of the Kentish country, it is now but a stone's throw from the new arterial road to Rochester. And recently, it will be remembered, some of its magnificent collection of pictures (including valuable Titians, Gainsboroughs and Hoppners), were sold at Christie's for over £70.000

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CONQUEST

by Mervyn Thompson

LET me tell you right away that Devenish bought it. He got what he wanted, but——Well, perhaps I had better commence from the beginning.

It was Devenish's boast that he always did get what he wanted. When he wanted anything he concentrated all his energies in the one direction until he got it. Out in Somaliland he had found that this practice worked admirably. Because of this and a temperament lacking in susceptibility he was unable to conceive any mortal thing as existing except in just the way of his own thinking.

When he went down to Saltsbury Grange he was obviously out of his environment. His life in the wilds had roughened him and blunted his conversational powers. He hated Society as being inconsequent, vapid and subtle. Social small talk irritated him. In fact, nothing interested or pleased him unless it had some big and apparently concrete foundation.

He arrived at Saltsbury in time for lunch on Friday and was welcomed by the butler. That astonished him. That Sir Arthur Spencer, his host, should not be there to meet him rather upset his opinion of himself. He was forced to lunch with Bishop Snelling, another guest who had arrived rather early.

The bishop was abstruse and began to talk psychology.

"Psychology . . . Waste of time . . . Don't know anything about it," Devenish said, rudely.

That was just like Devenish. The hurt look that came to the bishop's face didn't bother him a jot. All he thought about was himself. And he considered that he had saved himself, very adroitly, from an unpleasant old bore.

Lunch over, Devenish went for a walk. When he returned at tea-time it was with a feeling of relief that so many hours had passed. Which meant that he considered himself a fool for having been lured down to a country house-party and was already counting the hours and looking forward to the time when he could get away. It was rather a wonder he considered good taste even so far—that he did not take himself back to town there and then. He might have done so were it not that he owed something to Spencer.

He found his host in the drawing-room surrounded by a number of other guests who had arrived by the afternoon train.

"Sorry, old man, that I was not here to welcome you," Spencer greeted. "Business kept me in town longer than I anticipated. You've made yourself at home!"

"Yes—er—thanks," Devenish said. And felt himself a liar because he didn't refute the suggestion. At home! He would have been more at home in an hotel.

"Good—Come, let me introduce you——"

A moment later Devenish found himself bowing before a girl.

She was, in appearance, exactly Devenish's sort of girl. Healthy, vivacious, cultured, feminine, and as alluringly pretty as any materialised dream person well could be. For ideals, when they do appear in the flesh, do not often come up to expectations. Devenish felt certain that Lucia Wayne was an exception. On the instant his opinion, about coming down to that particular country house that particular week-end, underwent a complete and sudden change. She made a little movement that was a silent invitation for him to sit down beside her, and he felt himself wafted to the seventh heaven. His heart pounded like it had done when, years before, he had stood alone in the jungle facing his first crouching lion. Lub-dub! Lub-dub!——Queer!

Lucia Wayne, who was a most expensive-looking blonde, smiled sweetly and mentally appraised him in a manner that belied her appearance of maidenly unsophistication. She was, in fact, the very antithesis of what she appeared to be, both in temperament and looks.

"I hear that you are quite a romantic sort of person. That you have just returned after years in wild and woolly West Africa——," she said.

"Somaliland," he corrected.

"Oh—— You're home for good!"

"No. I came home because—well, because I am a fool——," he began, and broke off wondering.

He had come, ostensibly, for a holiday. Yet, in his secret thoughts, he knew that impulse had been the main factor. Impulse that meant tremendous things—the end of loneliness, the culmination of a man's ambition, a girl like this exquisite creature beside him whom he would take back as his wife.

She turned bright eyes upon him.

"Is it, then, foolish to come home?"

"Perhaps—perhaps not," he said, and wondered at himself for the quibble.

"What subtlety!" she mocked. "You've come home and you don't know why—at least you don't disclose your object. And you call yourself a fool when you look strong and forceful as—well, as a tiger."

He laughed.

"I hate subtleties," he said, "and the tiger isn't subtle. He may stalk his prey, but his purpose is obvious enough."

"No!" she said, and looked at him quizzingly.

She saw the fire in his eyes and the ghost of a smile trembled upon her lips.

"You don't understand my type?"

"Perhaps—perhaps not," she replied, banteringly. "And yet—you really do resemble the tiger——"

"Why?" he demanded.

She laughed, a silvery trill, and stood

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

up, a lithe, lissome, captivating morsel of feminine devilry who tantalised.

"Why?" he demanded again, imperatively.

She gave him a look that was wholly condescending, shrugged her beautiful shoulders, and turned and nodded to somebody standing at the far end of the room.

"They are making up a four for bridge," she said, and moved away.

"There aren't any tigers in Somaliland," he blurted.

"No! Then my analogy is bad, after all. And yet—the tiger *is a swift animal*!"

. . . . .

From that time onwards she was at some pains to avoid him. But when she saw that Spencer had placed them together for dinner, she met him with a radiant smile. Indeed, her manner seemed to imply that he had been neglecting her.

"You're not much like a tiger after all," she said, meaningly, and although his face brightened she saw that the shaft had missed.

At dinner he talked to her of Somaliland—his Somaliland. She watched him, fascinated, as he painted a realistic word picture of "somewhere at the back of beyond." But it was not the place that interested her so much as his burning eyes against the skin-bronze, and his hard, thin lips parting over white firm teeth.

She saw in him some new type that had to be studied, and she let him ramble on.

He talked purposefully, all unconscious of the calculating subtlety of her mind. He would have been astounded to know that she really did liken him to some exuberant denizen of his own uncivilisation.

Dinner over, she felt called upon to say something. Dropping her slim, white hands upon her lap, she threw him a look of affected childish rapture. And then:

"I think *your* Somaliland must be wonderful!" she breathed.

He stood watching her, as she passed into the drawing-room with the other women, with eyes that plainly claimed ownership. She had, he felt, accepted him and all he stood for as—possible.

In some vague sort of way he understood it as some piece of ancient realism. Say, as when a knight rides into the lists for the joust: when, smitten by the charms of some beauteous lady in the throng, he dips his lance in salute. While she, not knowing him, flutters her kerchief in half acknowledgement, just in case fortune favours him, and ultimate circumstances prove him to be a worthy champion.

. . . . .

During the ensuing Saturday and Sunday Devenish hung round after Lulu, as they called her, until his infatuation was the secret wonder of everybody. The men thought him a fool and pitied him. All save the bishop, who had found himself guilty of a lapse of memory, and had departed by an early train on Saturday morning to remedy the omission. Which meant that the Church couldn't countenance acquaintance with a social set so careless in the observance of the Ten Commandments, but so particular regarding the eleventh.

As for the women——. It may, perchance, have been jealousy that made them fear to add to Lulu's popularity by expressing their bitter sarcasm. For after all, obvious jealousy on the part of one woman for another is surely the quickest way to arouse masculine interest—in the other!

By Monday morning Devenish thought himself madly in love. Moreover, he was consumed by the devil of Doubt. Did she love him? Was she ready to sacrifice everything for him—and Somaliland?

It was a problem he had not, as yet, dared to solve by a blunt question, although he had been, so he thought, altogether purposeful. He had talked to her of Somaliland, and she had thought Somaliland wonderful. He had told her everything about himself, and she had compared him with the run of men at home, to his advantage. He had taken her hand, and she had not repulsed him. Yet——. That was the devil of it. There was a something — reason, doubt. A something that he could not quite understand and which caused him to hesitate.

If she had been a little less practical he thought it would have been easier. Yet, paradoxically enough, it was her self-assurance that appealed to him. His instincts bade him take her in his arms and, if she didn't resist, to assume the rest as taken for granted. Strangely enough, he did not think about other things that confuse the issue so far as most love affairs are concerned: questions of family, settlements, and so forth. He only thought of himself and his desire.

Monday morning brought another problem. What to do? The party was breaking up. She and the others were leaving. And he had not asked her. He must see her again! For even he could not go up to her before the others and bluntly demand that she marry him. Yet what to do? What to do? What?

He stood in the hall moodily reflecting. Cutting in upon his thoughts came her voice.

"Good-bye, tiger-man!"

He swung round and met her shining eyes and cherry-ripe lips smiling at him from a nest of sables.

"When shall I see you again?" he demanded, passionately.

"Whenever you care to call," she replied, and pressed into his hand a scrap of pasteboard.

Then it seemed as if he stood watching her go lost in the mazes of some wonderful, waking dream.

. . . . .

Obligatory calls in the neighbourhood kept him until evening, but, as soon as he could, he raced up to town. He meant to call upon her right away, and did not realise that it was approaching midnight until a chiming clock drew his attention to the lateness of the hour. He came back to earth, as it were, then, and found himself seated in a taxi hurrying through deserted streets. He felt like a disappointed schoolboy as he signalled to the driver to stop and gave instructions to drive to an hotel.

In the morning he dressed with more than usual care, breakfasted, and set out again. Only to be dragged back by a flash of memory. He cursed social customs then, although he mastered his impatience enough to obey the dictum that deters such things as calls until after lunch.

Then, when at last he was free to go, the doubt assailed him anew, and fearful of being disappointed at finding her "not at home," thought of telephoning.

"Is that you—er—Lulu?" he said, when her silvery tones came floating, questioningly, over the wires. "I'm coming to see you this afternoon—now."

"Come at four o'clock," she trilled. "I shall be alone—then."

. . . . .

He arrived punctual to the minute, and his ambition received something of a check as he took in the pretentiousness of her Mayfair house. As he awaited the return of the French maid, who had gone to announce him, he fidgeted nervously.

But the first sight of her standing with outstretched hands in welcome drove all his fears away. He did what his instinct had all along bade him do and took her in his arms and covered her lips and throat with hot, passionate kisses.

"Darling, I love you," he managed. "Do you love me?"

She pushed his head back with icy cool fingers upon his burning mouth.

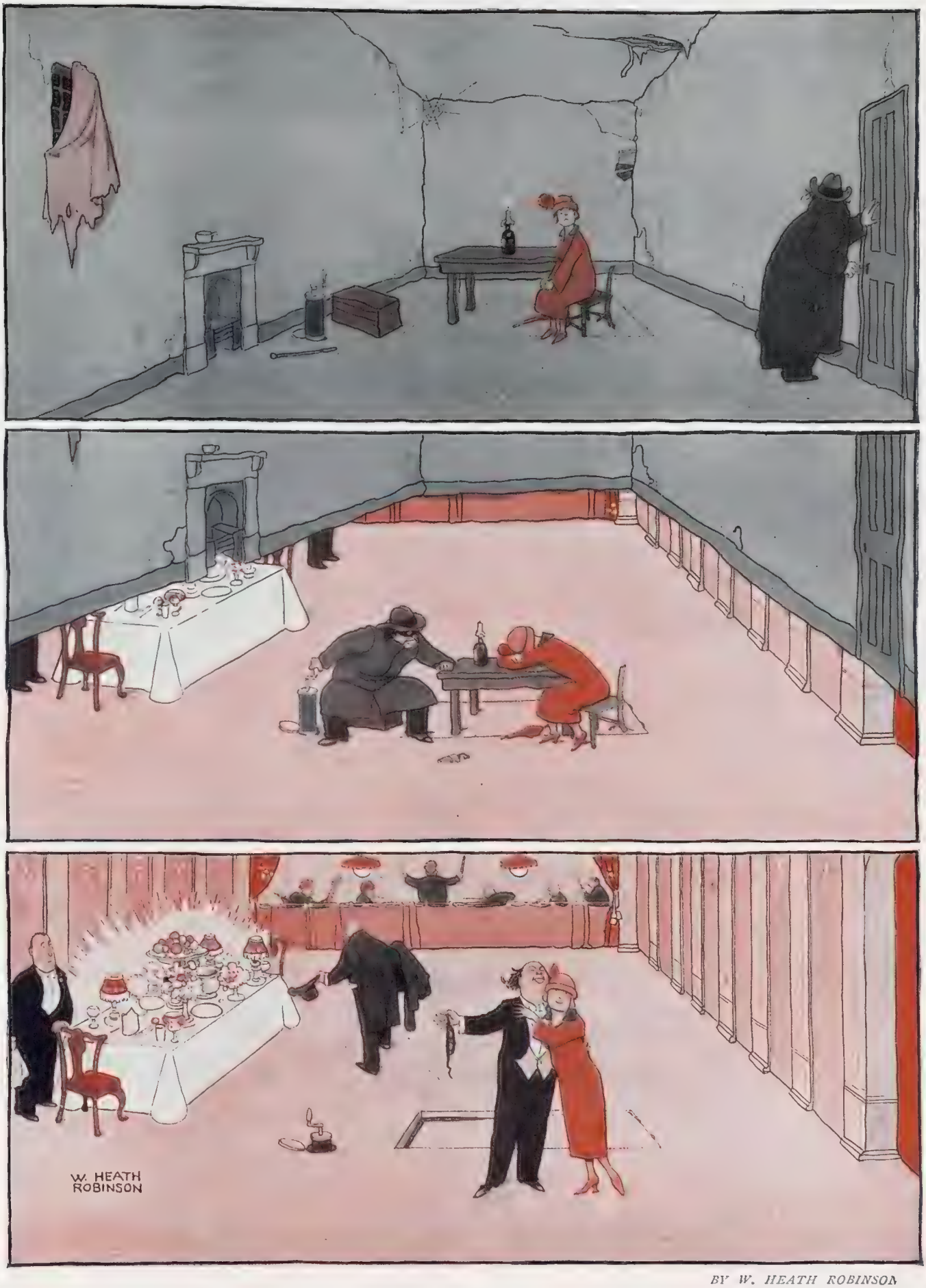
"Perhaps—perhaps not," she said, and her eyes asked a question.

"Everything I have is yours, dearest, and I would give you the world were it mine to give," he said.

She laughed.

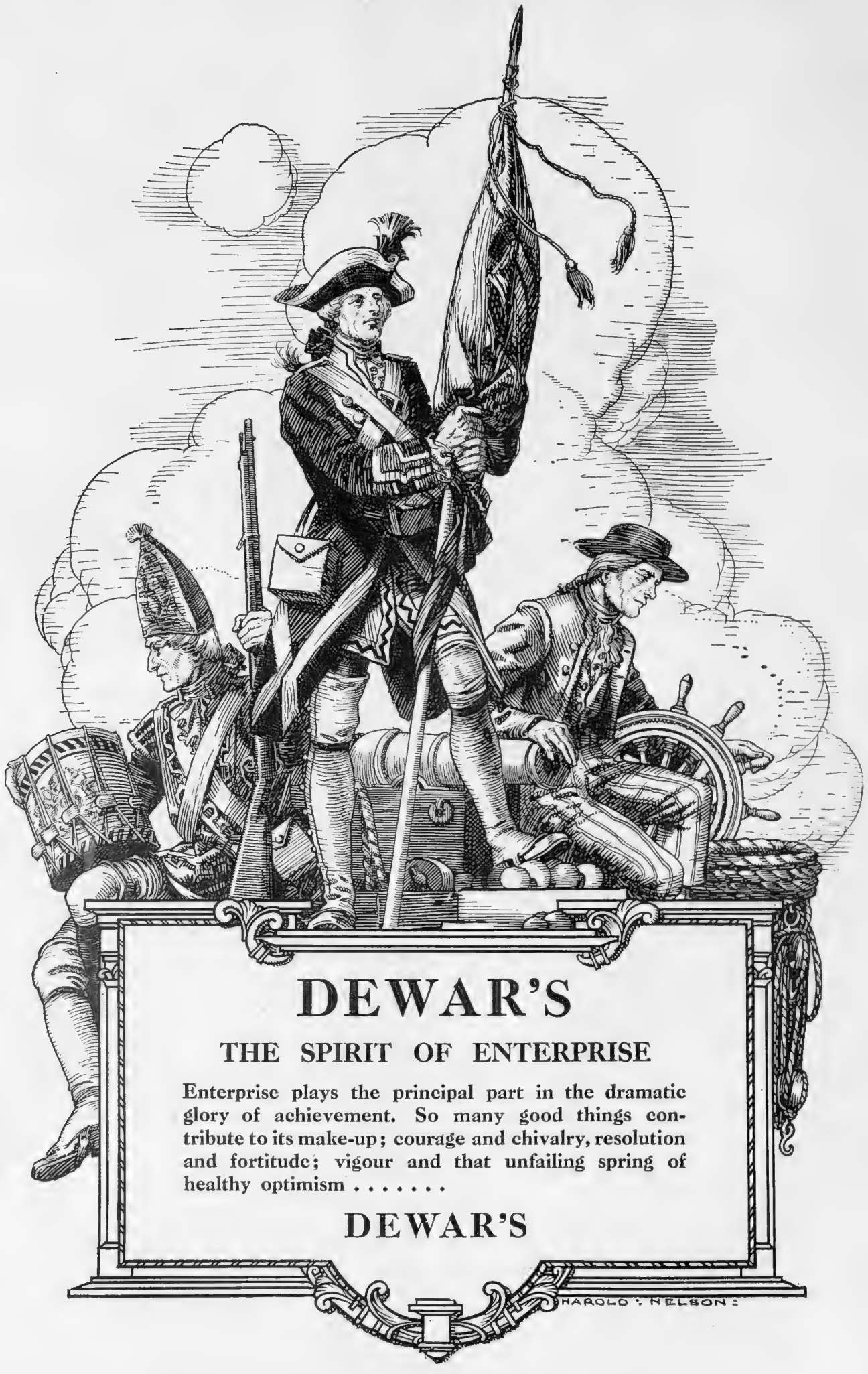
"Silly boy——Suppose we say a string of pearls!" M. T.

The Maid and the Magician



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A REAL LIFE FILM IN THREE TERRIBLE REELS!



DEWAR'S

THE SPIRIT OF ENTERPRISE

Enterprise plays the principal part in the dramatic glory of achievement. So many good things contribute to its make-up; courage and chivalry, resolution and fortitude; vigour and that unfailing spring of healthy optimism . . . . . .

DEWAR'S

Femina

"OWN BATHROOMS"

By MRS. M. VINCE

"MAGGIE lived seventeen hours of each day in an underground kitchen and larder and the other seven in an attic, never going out except to chapel on Sunday evenings, and once a month on Thursday afternoons. . . . Everyone, including herself, considered that she had a good place and was well treated."

That is from *The Old Wives' Tale*. So maid-servants were treated in "The Five Towns" in the middle of the last century. The Five Towns are not the whole of England, but there must have been many Maggies in other parts. We have travelled very far and very fast since then.

IF only someone had thought of keeping copies of the newspaper advertisements for maids during the last fifty years what an interesting piece of social history it would be! You would see at a glance the steps of progress from Maggie, with her afternoon out a month, to the modern maid with two afternoons and evenings out a week, and often a day a month, and wireless to amuse her when she is in.

There was a time, not so many years ago, when it was considered awful assurance on the part of a maid to ask to be allowed to have her own bicycle. Before that she had been contented to have her own sewing-machine with her. Now, in America, maids live out, and drive home after the day's work, in their own cars. We have not moved so far and so fast as that, but we have gone a long way since the time when a maid-servant on her own bicycle was thought to be something outside nature.

I HAVE been looking at some recent advertisements for maids, and it is very interesting to see the changes in what is offered them even in the last few years. Not long ago "good outings" was the special attraction. This was followed by "separate bedrooms," and the latest advertisements say "own bathroom." To give maids wireless, to give extra time out, to allow them more visitors—these are comparatively simple things to do. But the demand for separate bedrooms, followed now by the demand for a separate bathroom, is much more serious, not because it is unreasonable, but because it is a demand for space just when space in houses is most precious. How are we to give more space to the maids when we are trying hard to live in so much less ourselves?

THIS demand for "own bathrooms" makes the older type of London house seem more out-of-date than ever. Half our houses became old-fashioned years ago. Thousands of us are living in houses built before there were any bathrooms at all, and those which we have, have been made since—sometimes out of a bedroom, sometimes out of a sitting-room, sometimes out of a landing. And now we have to find a place for "own bathroom" for the maids. Our high London houses, with their deep, dark basements, have many disadvantages, and we are accustomed to contrast them, rather bitterly, with the more compact modern villa, which requires one maid to the older house's two. But let us be fair to the old London house. With all its faults it has lent itself, and still lends itself, to these adaptations that changing habits have forced on it. It has a sort of grim elasticity. It accepted the first

"A WOODLAND NYMPH"

An attractive work by Mrs. Edith M. Gabriel which is on view at this year's Royal Academy Exhibition. Mrs. Gabriel, who is showing a second work, "The Song of the Birds," at the R.A., is also exhibiting at the Paris Salon

IN BALLROOM ARRAY *Dorothy Wilding*

Mme. Karsavina, the famous Russian dancer, who is once more charming audiences at the London Coliseum. She is seen in the above photograph wearing a string of Ciro pearls

bathroom, and now it can find a corner for the second as well.

THIS is what is happening to the London basement. The house I have in mind was built originally with a large kitchen, in which was a coal cooking range, a large pantry, and a fair-sized scullery. So it has been, certainly for more than half a century. Recently the kitchener has disappeared. Its place has been taken by a gas fire. The kitchen has become a sitting-room for the maids. In the scullery there is now a gas-cooker and a central-heating stove. The scullery has become the kitchen also. In the pantry is a bath. It has become the maids' bathroom; and large cupboards in the kitchen have replaced the pantry.

WHERE there is not so much space, the London house can still adapt itself to the need for a second bathroom by finding a corner for it, in scullery or pantry, where, with a lid over it, it serves as a table during the day.

This adaptability makes one feel an increased respect for the much-abused London house. Where is the modern compact villa, where is the modern flat going to find room for the maid's bathroom? The more modern the house the more difficult will it be to find it; for we are building with less and less space. The villa, it is true, could get out of the difficulty by having the sunk bath in front of the kitchen fire. This was one of the chief features of one of the earliest model suburbs and it was found most useful for keeping coal.

A ROYAL ACADEMY MINIATURE

"Enigma"—A charming study by Miss N. M. Hepburn Edmunds, Vice-President of the Royal Academy of Miniature Painters, exhibited at this year's Academy

BUT to the flat even that way is denied. You could not have baths projecting through the ceiling of the flat below. The old London house, which has succeeded in turning its pantry into a second bathroom, is once more, as it was when it was built so many years ago, the most up-to-date house. It has triumphantly met the latest demand.

BUT the problem remains and it is a very serious problem. We have not only to make less space do, we have to make it do much more. We have to live in smaller houses, and at the same time give the maids more room. What will be the end of it? Shall we be driven to the system which has been so often proposed for different reasons, of maids living in their own hostels and coming in only for the day? At present the only architect with the ingenuity to provide baths for all in the modern small house would appear to be Mr. Heath Robinson! M. V.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

Deer-stalking

ON THE DOLE
By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

THANKS to circumstances over which he has no control, the spending money of the average man of to-day is hideously limited.

After working three months of the year for the Inland Revenue, he slaves eight sacrificial months in order to attire his womenfolk in diaphanous garments of dreams—evanescent as dreams—and in the remaining month strives to save as much as possible of the dole that remains to him out of his income.

Therefore it comes about that Man, when he buys clothing, asks "Is it durable?"—wondering sadly "Will it last?" while Woman pants "Is it attractive?"—meaning "Will it allure?"

From a sordid personal point of view I have sometimes wished that Man had a little of Woman's naïve selfishness and unscrupulousness in his clothes sense, but my masculinity asserts itself, and I beat down the subconscious suggestion. The world is sufficiently impossible as it is.

So, when the twin tyrants of State and Sex are provided for, Man must struggle to exist on his dole, as wisely and as providently as he may.

In the matter of clothes his path is easy.

The greatest wisdom and the soundest providence consist in buying the very best material he can afford, fashioned and cut by the very best artists.

The maddest extravagance—an extravagance he has no right to perpetrate while existing on his dole—is the indulgence in shoddy garments, fashioned by underpaid hacks, which, to the purveyor, represent a profit of anything from 50 to 500 per cent. The House of Pope and Bradley, which sets the modes to the rest of the West End, and has incomparably the greatest West End business, is content with a modest 10 per cent. profit. But its materials are the finest and most durable to be procured—it declines to deal in inferior grades—and its artistry is worthy of its materials.

As a matter of business morality it gives the highest possible value to be obtained, and sternly discourages extravagance, while the male world is "on the dole" enforced by our present mad system of taxation.

Lounge Suite from £9 9s. 0d. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. 0d. Dress Suits from £16 16s. 0d. Overcoats from £7 7s. 0d. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

Born 1820—Still going Strong!

OLD CRAFT SERIES No. 8.

PILLOW LACE-MAKING is first traced in an Italian deed of 1493, though the Flemings also claim its invention, perhaps, through close relationship with Italy.

Belgium acquired early knowledge of the art, and brought it to perfection.

Pillow lace-making commenced at Honiton in Devonshire probably late in the 16th century when Flemish artisans were imported.

This lace, as trimming for the elegant dress of the period, was in great demand at both English and French courts, and entries of expenditure on bobbin lace and 'passements' are found in some of the royal wardrobe accounts of the 16th and 17th centuries.

Pride of Production is the Stimulus of True Craftsmanship —hence the Superiority of "Johnnie Walker."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

MISS RENÉE KELLY, the popular actress, says:—

"To keep the skin really clean you must get *beneath* the surface and that is what Pond's Cold Cream does. And, my old friend Pond's Vanishing Cream—I always carry a tube of that in my handbag to keep myself fresh during the day."

Your complexion needs two creams—one to cleanse the skin, the other to protect it.

POND'S two creams are *necessary* to skin-health and skin-beauty—Pond's Cold Cream melts into the tiny pores and delicate tissues and *cleanses* them from all dirt and impurity, nourishing the skin, renewing its youth—Pond's Vanishing Cream *protects* the skin from blemishes and continually refreshes and restores its beauty. Use Pond's Cold Cream plentifully on the face, neck and hands every night before retiring to rest—apply a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream whenever needful during the day.

From all chemists and stores. Jars 1/3 and 2/6. Tubes, 7½d. (for handbag), 1/-, and (Cold Cream only) 2/6.

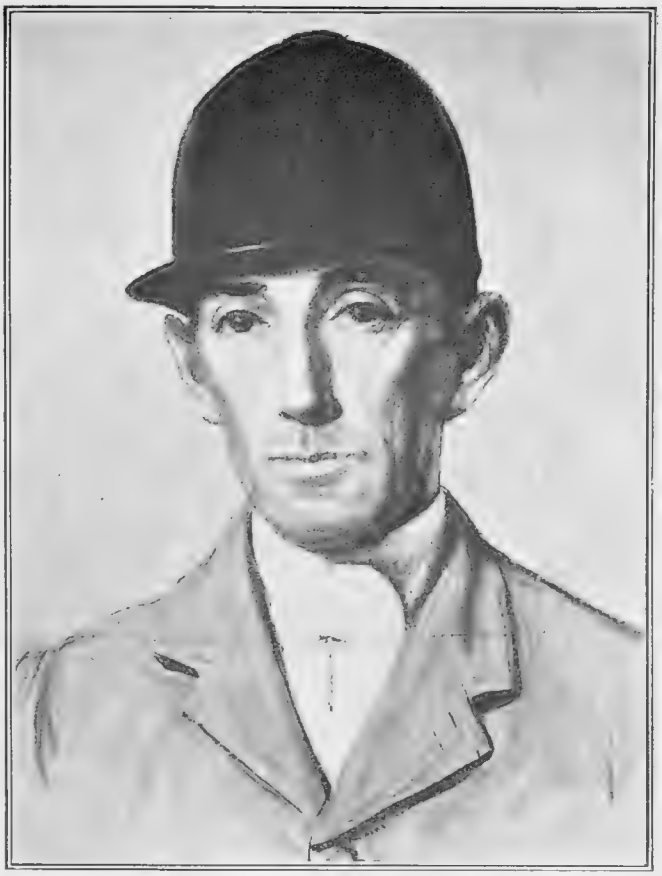
TRIAL SAMPLES.

Pond's Extract Co., 103, St. John St., E.C.1, will send on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of both Creams.

Pond's Vanishing & Cold Creams

Some Portraits from the Hunting Field

LORD MIDDLETON
A well-known figure with the Middleton Pack



MAJOR GORDON B. FOSTER, M.F.H.
The Master of the Sinnington and Derwent

CAPTAIN J. E. SHAW
Another well-known figure with the Sinnington and Derwent

CAPTAIN ANDREW MACILWAINE, M.C.
An amateur rider of note, winner of this year's Holderness Point-to-Point

Mr. Verpilleux, four of whose delicate chalk and pastel portraits appear above, is well known as a painter, an expressive book illustrator, and a sensitive engraver. His portraits of notabilities in the hunting field are on view at The Sporting Galleries, 32, King Street, Covent Garden, where there is also to be seen a splendid collection of hunting pictures by Mr. Lionel Edwards

OUR POETS' CORNER

By HARTLEY CARRICK

BOOK-MARKERS

There's a clever young writer called Frankau,
Who's as bold as a bull: (that's a man-cow),
I shall ask him one day
In my nonchalant way,
"Now how do you manage it, Frank how?"

We ought to be terribly jealous,
For American publishers tell us,
They sell more books than us,
But I don't care a cuss
For I know that we've got the best cellars! *

If pearls of great price you would cull,
Read the novels of C. Ranger Gull:
Or if to romance
You incline, then perchance,
You won't find Miss Ethell M. dull!

There's an author whom I hold in awe;
He's immaculate, free from all flaw:
That earth, stars and sun
Revolve round this one,
He doesn't just THINK—*he is Shaw!*

* The world's worst rhyme—Ed.

IN THE OXFORD MANNER

THE latest craze at Oxford is not to wear socks:

Can it be true, or are these idle rumours,
Designed by evil men to scare and shock,
That all content with Brobdignagian bloomers,
You shun the silken sock?

Time was when bloods from Balliol, idly dawdlin'
Adown the High, displayed resplendent hocks;
And Christ Church exquisites went nearly Magdalen
Over their hand-worked clocks.

So if you've merely started a new fashion,
The latest craze in crude, sartorial rot,
Then, for you, sirs, we've not the least compassion;
Like socks, you should be shot!

But if, perchance, you are compelled to do so,
Being financially on the rocks,
Because of the expenses of your trews—o,
WE'LL *gladly give you socks!*

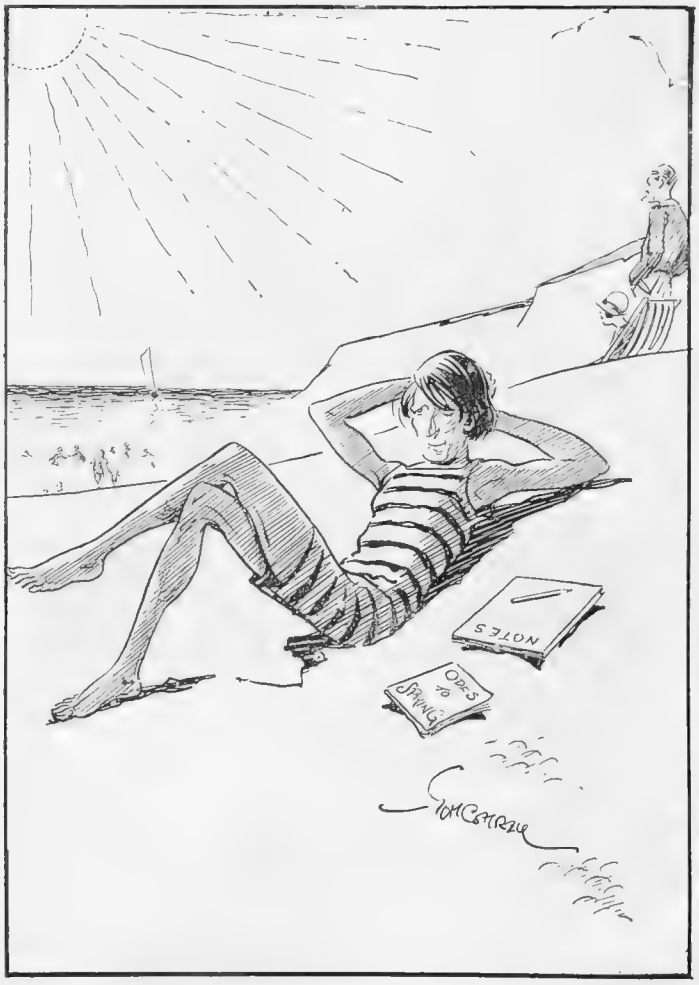
STAGE SILHOUETTES

In our hearts there is never a swerving
From Irving;
And we think of the days when we saw Tree
Or Hawtrey.
Yet at times we want something that's brighter
And lighter;
So we sit and applaud the gay chorus
Before us;
And although the tunes strike us as tinny,
There's Binnie;
And we rave o'er the frocks and the frillies
Of Lillie's;
While our spirits we strive to attune to
Sweet June too;
And aloft on the comedy dais,
Miss Laye is;
And I'd wait in a gallery corner
For Lorna;
Still as lissom and light as the fairies,
Miss Dare is;
And the cheers greet in cascades and torrents
Miss Laurence.
How I laugh and applaud when Miss Wallace
So droll is!

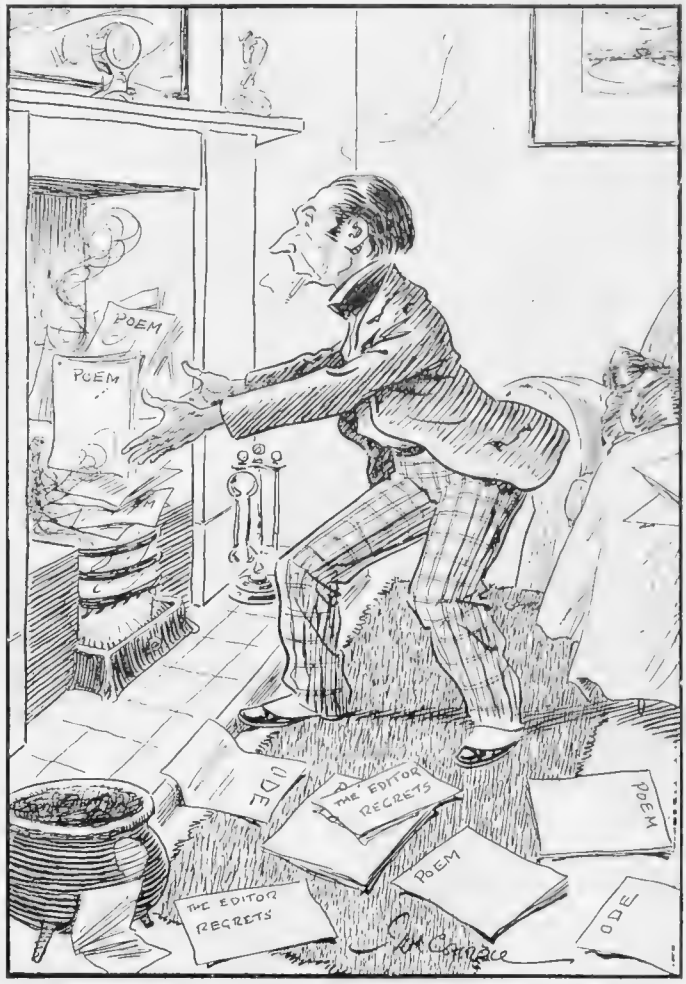
. . . . .

But the others! Though they're sublime too—

CAN'T RHYME TO!

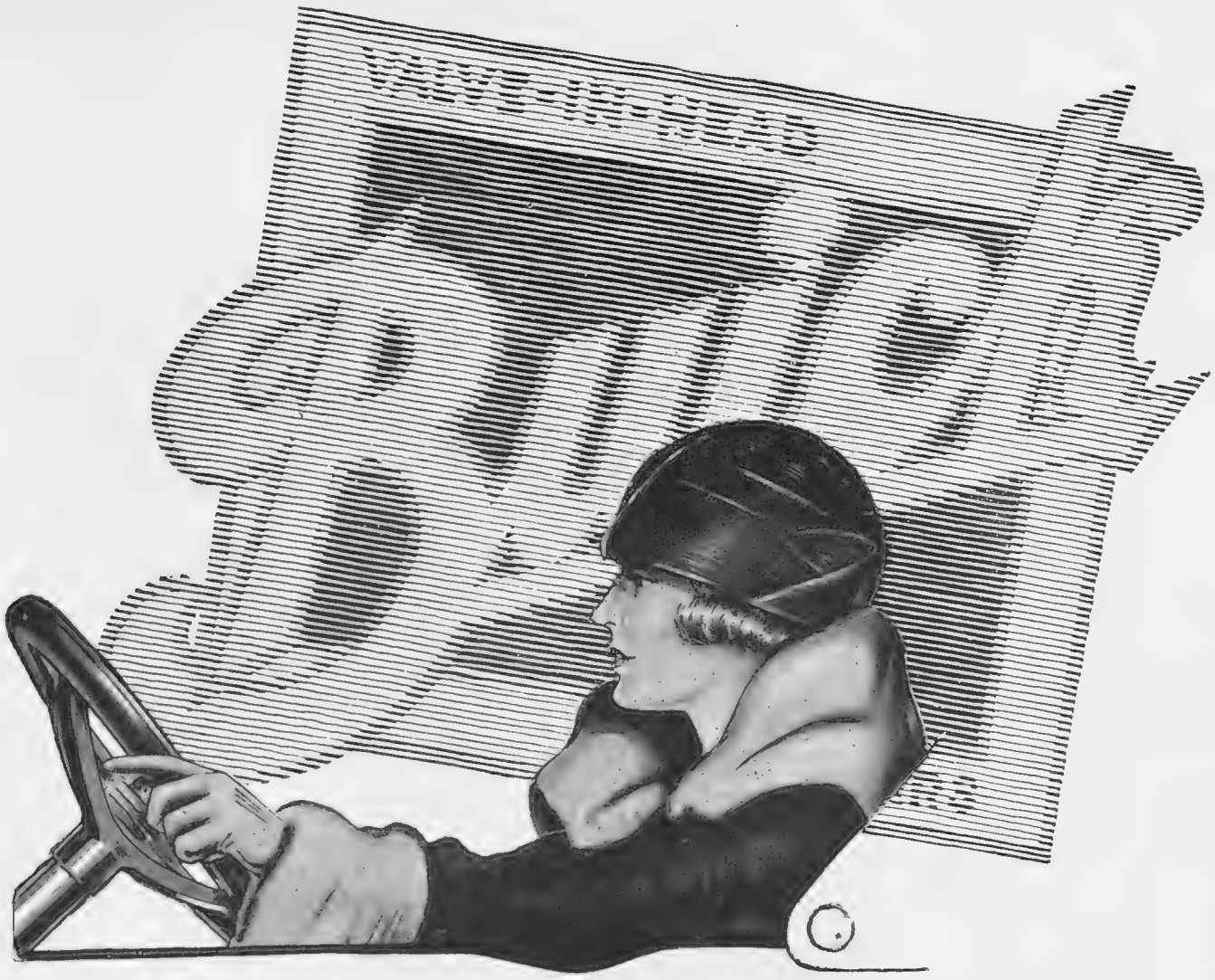


THE POET "BROWNING"—



—THE POET "BURNS"

By Tom Cotterell



SO finely-attuned is the mechanism—so wonderfully responsive the powerful engine—that driving a Buick is a lasting source of delight.

Four wheel Brakes grip the road. A slight pressure on the pedal suffices to bring the car quickly, smoothly to a stop.

With perfect control, goes the ability to "walk away" from other cars on hills and in traffic. And satisfaction in Buick performance is equalled by pride in the car's handsome lines and softly lustrous finish.

The Buick '20' six-cylinder Tourer costs **£355**, *the Saloon* **£498**. *The Buick 27 h.p. 7-seater Saloon costs* **£675**. *Ask your local Dealer for prices of other models and a demonstration run.*

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Cavanders Ltd., pioneers of Hygienic Cigarette Packing.

May's A.A.

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

I HAVE always found that the real scalliwags of this curious world of ours are much more interesting to meet than your ordinary respectable citizen. There is something to be said even for the most unpleasant of them. (Unless, of course, they steal your purse.) Unpleasant people, as a matter of fact, can be most charming company—for a while, at any rate. They are most charming company, for instance, in Mr. Alec Waugh's new novel with its sinister title *Kept* (Grant Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Charming, I mean, to read about, because Mr. Waugh has here shown us just what he can do, and written what must be regarded as his best book since that juvenile experiment, *The Loom of Youth*.

Kept is the ingeniously contrived story of a little coterie of young or youngish people in present-day London. They dance whenever they can, they look at pictures and read books, they know the "right" kind of people, and—they fall in love: not always wisely. They do not possess a great deal of money, and one or two of them have fought in the War and are not too particular about anything except their own enjoyment. The nicest creature is a poor War-widow who allows herself to live under the protection of a rich man whose wife will not divorce him, and she is not faithful even to him. The nastiest is, perhaps, the unfortunate youngster, madly in love with a married woman of title, who permits her to make him a handsome allowance. I admit that he is not too willing to do so, but there it is. Unpleasant people, you see.

YET the book itself is not unpleasant at all. It is exceedingly good to read. It is a frank and true picture, painted in with an artistry which gives Mr. Waugh an assured position amongst the serious novelists of to-day, of one little side of life about which, as it happens, the big world has always chosen to be interested. It contains a good story, there are scenes in it which will not easily be forgotten, and it is written with distinction. Those, indeed, who believed that Mr. Waugh had begun too early, and continued too rashly, will find themselves revising their opinion after reading *Kept*.

TRUST a practised journalist to make any autobiographical work of his of unusual interest. He knows well enough what to omit and what to include, and if he is one of those lucky ones chosen out to "go special," the odds are that his book will be something very good indeed. So, I fancy, you will find Sir William Beach Thomas's reminiscences, *A Traveller in News* (Chapman and Hall: 15*s.* net) very much to your liking. Its writer is best known to the world as one of the official War Correspondents, and the War looms large in its pages, but it is shown from an unfamiliar angle. There is, too, much about Lord Northcliffe which will be read with all the greater interest owing to the absurdly exaggerated statements which have been put into circulation about that remarkable man. Incidentally, it is amusing to discover just how Sir William "entered" his profession. At Oxford, you may remember, he was chiefly renowned for his prowess as an athlete, but this fact, to say the least of it, did not mar his future. His book is a *potpourri* of adventure, a gracious chronicle of a host of friends and an occasional enemy, just the book to take with you to the fireside these wintry summer days.

OFF STAGE

Miss Ailne Phillips, principal dancer of the Carl Rosa Opera Company which opened its London season of opera in English at the Lyceum this week

I HAVE been amusing myself by taking a course of new detective stories, and some of them are remarkably good. Old hand as I am, I have been baffled time after time, and have been frankly astonished at the almost wicked ingenuity shown by their authors. Perhaps the most intriguing of all these stories is Mr. Will Scott's *Disher—Detective* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Mr. Disher's methods are not precisely Sherlockian, but they are both diverting and exciting. He has what Holmes always so conspicuously lacked, a sense of humour. The problem he is called on to solve is rather appalling. Certain men unaccountably disappear—not in the usual way, when nobody is looking, but actually in sight of witnesses. They just vanish, and are seen no more. And they are of all sorts and conditions—a wife-beater in a London slum, the French Foreign Minister, an American millionaire, a tobacconist in Glasgow, and so on. Why do they disappear, and how? I lost half a night's rest in the process of discovering the key of the mystery, and had the supreme satisfaction of not being in the least disappointed when that usual dismal "explanation" was due. Mr. Scott, indeed, reserves his best "surprise" for the last chapter.

THEN there is, rather unexpectedly, a detective story written by that witty priest, Father Ronald Knox. *The Viaduct Murder* (Methuen: 7s. 6*d.* net) serves a double purpose. It is an extraordinarily amusing satire on the usual run of detective story, and it is also an extremely good detective story in itself. A man is found murdered on a golf-links, and four club-members who live in the dormy-house set out to apply all the best-known methods. Their blunders are colossal, but that cannot be helped. Their chief mistake is in crediting the murderer with too much cleverness.

BUT although the reader may laugh at their efforts, he will be equally ready to admit that the author has fogged him as well, and when the case is concluded he will thank Father Knox for a first-class entertainment. Incidentally, *The Viaduct Murder* will be thoroughly enjoyed by those superior people who like to think

themselves "above" detective stories, for it has literary qualities well worthy of the author of *Memories of the Future*.

⁂

That unworldly professor who is suddenly projected into a world, or an underworld, of which he is ludicrously ignorant, is a common enough figure in fiction. Indeed, of late years he has become unusually popular. And for a few moments I was afraid lest in *Professor, How Could You?* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) Mr. Harry Leon Wilson's invention might have failed him. But I need not have feared.

⁂

It is quite true that in order to escape from his "mayoral" spouse Professor Copplestone hides himself in an empty house, and on finding that a disappearance is not always very difficult, fares forth into an astonishing world—just the sort of thing that the professor in fiction is accustomed to do—but once away from the University, Professor Copplestone's adventures are like no other adventures that any man, professorial or not, ever had in America or out. They are gorgeous, these adventures, gorgeously diverting and unexpected, and even amusingly criminal.

⁂

Moreover, the professor is allowed to tell his own story, and it is delicious to note the subtle changes which take place in his diction as he comes closer and closer into contact with the less reputable portions of American rustic society. It is all extremely good fun, and one is delighted to learn that on the prodigal's return to his University duties his pupils, who are not in ignorance of his extravagant exploits, receive him in the way that heroes ought to be received.

⁂

Would that all my numerous aunts were *Just Like Aunt Bertha* (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Mr. Pett Ridge, who is the creator of this most delectable woman, has his own way of telling a story. I always think that there is more "meat" in one of his chapters than is to be found in many a full-length novel. Here, at any rate, things happen with a rush from the beginning and continue with a rush until the last page. And these things are of all sorts and kinds, joyous affairs like babies who never howl and schools for elocution which really pay, unhappy affairs like financial catastrophies and matrimonial troubles, and nephews who marry actresses who cannot get parts. And all the while Bertha is kept incredibly busy making other people's lives considerably happier than they would be without her. Indeed, she works herself nearly to death for a family which is not nearly so grateful as it ought to be.

A NOVELIST WORTH NOTING

Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd, author of "Prestige," "Quis," etc., whose new novel, "The Skein" (published by Messrs. Stanley Paul), is likely to make a big appeal

⁂

On its behalf she spends money which she does not possess, looks after children with whom their parents have quarrelled, and in general behaves like a fairy godmother in one of her nicest moods. And ultimately, one is glad to learn, she meets with the right kind of reward. It may be objected that for one family, however large it may happen to be, to have all these worries and troubles thrust upon it in so short a space of time is rather too much to believe, but even if this were so, Mr. Pett Ridge cannot be blamed, for without this family there would have been no Bertha, and that would have been a calamity. Here, then, you have a real cure for the dumps. R. S.

No need to feel "liverish"

An eminent Harley Street physician said that he knew of no better tonic for the liver than **Hunyadi.**

A wine-glassful of this **natural** aperient water has no equal for clearing the system of poisonous accumulations and restoring a healthy, buoyant tone.

Hunyadi is Nature's own wonderful prescription, containing the **natural** salts so essential for bodily well-being. It is derived from the health-giving springs, with nothing added, nothing taken away.

GIVE IT A TRIAL NOW!

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The famous Natural Aperient Water.

2/6 per large bottle, containing many doses.
Of all Chemists, Stores, Grocers, etc.

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Be sure they are Ciro Pearls

In selecting Ciro Pearls, a woman buys more than the gems themselves. By our perpetual Guarantee and our continuous service in watching over the welfare of her pearls she gains the insurance of complete and permanent satisfaction. But they must be true Ciro Pearls, and these are sold nowhere but at our own establishments.

We cordially invite everyone to visit our showrooms, or we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with solid gold clasp, in beautiful case for One Guinea. Wear them for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If any difference is noticeable, you may return them to us and we will return your money in full.

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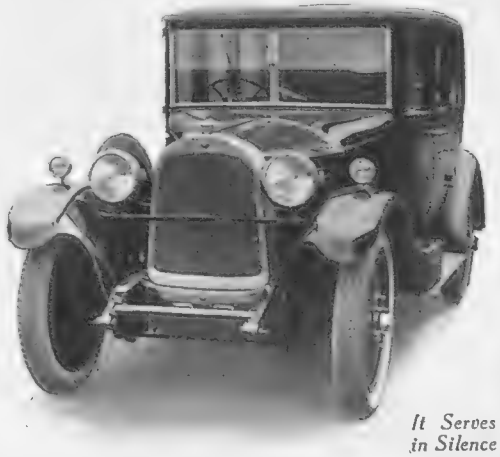

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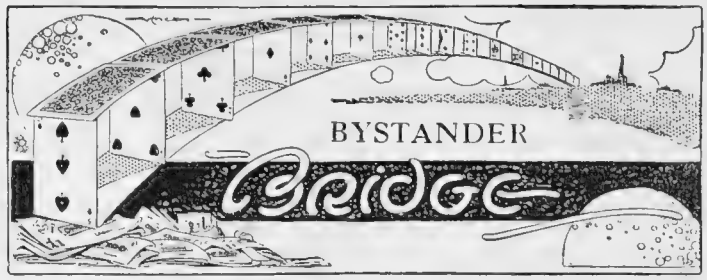


By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

COUNTING YOUR LOSERS

It was on a liner and he was feeling very sea-sick. When his partner asked him:

"Do you discard from strength or weakness?" he replied, wearily, "Does it matter? I am sure to revoke in a moment."

. . . . .

"What is wrong with my game?" asked a player, recently. "I hold quite good cards. I bid soundly and seldom go down in my contract, and I think I play averagely well, and yet I hardly ever win. I don't understand it at all."

"What system do you adopt in bidding?" I asked.

"How do you mean?" he said, "I have no particular system except common sense. I seldom or never make a bid which I think I cannot fulfil. I am no believer in flag-flying tactics."

"Quite so," I replied, "but how do you reckon up the value of your hand?"

"*I count my losers,*" he said, "and I deduct them from the trick-making capacity of my cards."

. . . . . .

Now this may sound on the surface a very excellent and safe plan, but if you come to analyse it carefully, you will see that it does not work. Take a hand consisting of H—A, K, Q, 7, 5, and nothing else of value. Even the most conservative authorities would say this is a sound initial bid of "one Heart." The hand on average is worth five tricks if Hearts are trumps. But suppose four or five Hearts are in one opponent's hand, it may then be worth only four or three tricks. It is true that the bidder reasonably may expect at least two tricks from his partner. But the hand has at any rate eight losers.

My friend admitted he would make a bid on the holding I have described, although, he said, "I should not like it." "But," he continued, "it is in the later stages of the bidding that it becomes so necessary to count your losers."

. . . . . .

Having seen him refuse to bid "five Hearts" against a call of "four Spades" when he could have saved the rubber thereby, and have gone down at most one on his contract with 72 in honours to compensate, I thought I understood the trouble. I recalled the hand to him.

"But," he said, "I had four Spades to the nine in my hand, and I counted those as losers if I played the game in Hearts."

"Surely that was wrong," I replied. "Your partner had supported your Heart call. The opponents had gone on bidding Spades. How many Spades could your partner hold? Placing the Spade bidder with five (he could not have had less, and, as you remember, actually he held six), his partner must have at least three to support him. Therefore, you could have at once reckoned that your partner had not more than one Spade. As a matter of fact he had none. So that those Spades which you describe as losers were not losers at all. You could have ruffed three of them at any rate in your Dummy."

. . . . . .

The fact is that "counting your losers" is not a satisfactory method of valuing your cards, and if you rely upon it you will be apt, like my friend, to *undercall* your hands, which may be just as unsatisfactory a business as over-calling them. Often it is impossible to tell what are losers and what are not. Suppose, for instance, you hold: J, 10, 5 of a suit. You may consider those three cards losers. But if your partner holds Q, 3, or K, 3, your Jack is a winner. King and one other may be a winner or a loser. It is a loser if the Ace is on the wrong side. But it is a winner if the Ace is right or your partner holds it, or if he holds the Queen, or, if he holds neither, and your King is led up to and not through. You can carry caution at Auction too far, and to count all your possible non-winning cards as losers is sure to cramp your style in bidding.

In bidding initially my advice is: Count your winners not your losers. When the bidding has gone round several times and your partner has failed to support you on each round, then is the time to count your losers and decide whether it is wise to ride for a possible fall or leave the opponents in.

I admit that overcalling is much more prevalent than undercalling. "Safety First" may be an excellent maxim on the road. But at Auction, boldness pays in the long run. Occasional disasters are less expensive than missing opportunities.

. . . . . .

Having written this, I suppose I shall be accused of advocating wild and reckless bidding. So let me put it on record that I am doing nothing of the kind. But there are some players like my inquirer whose game needs "gingering up." I have suffered as severely from players who are always counting their losers as from players who imagine all their geese are swans. With the man who habitually overcalls one knows how to deal. With the ultra-cautious who waits for "certainties" one never knows where one is at all. But the worst partners of all to have are those erratic individuals who sometimes overcall and sometimes sit tight without rhyme or reason, who take absurd risks at wrong moments, and yet will not take justifiable risks at critical times. If one goes mad at Bridge, and most of us do sometimes, let there be, at any rate, some method in our madness.

. . . . . .

A correspondent asks my opinion of the following hand:—

S—None.		D—A, K, Q, x. x.
H—A, K, Q, J, x, x, x.		C—K.
	Y	
S—A, K, Q, 10, x, x.		S—J, 9, x, x, x, x,x.
H—9, 8.		H—None.
D—None.	*A*	*B* D—J, x, x.
C—A, Q, J, x, x.		C—10, x, x.

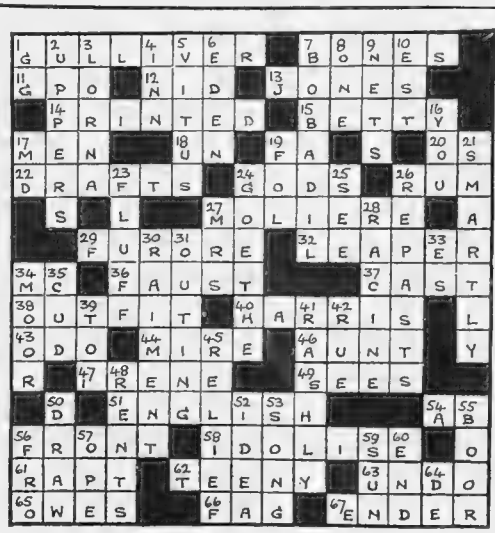
Z

S—None.
H—10, x, x, x.
D—10, x, x, x, x.
C—x, x, x, x.

Score: Game all. A, B, 16 in rubber game. A dealt and called "three Spades"; Y "four Hearts"; B "four Spades"; Z "No bid"; A "No bid"; Y "five Hearts"; B and Z "No bid"; A "five Spades"; Y "six Hearts"; B and Z "No bid"; A "double." All passed.

B led a Spade, which was trumped by Z, and Y discarded the King of Clubs. Z led trumps, and Y made grand slam.

Y on his hand was fully justified in bidding "six Hearts," but A's double was extremely bad. What tricks could he expect to make? Certainly not more than two, and on his partner's silence he could not expect to find him with two tricks. B, in my opinion, was wrong not to bid "six Spades." His hand was absolutely useless against Hearts, but must be of value in Spades.



The Solution of Cross-Word Puzzle No. 17.

ABOVE is the correct solution of the twelfth Theatrical Cross-word Puzzle, printed in our issue of April 29. The names and addresses of our prize-winners (the first three correct answers opened), are given below:—

MISS P. M. BUNN, Crossway, Francis Avenue, Colwyn Bay.
MONTAGUE MUNDY, 42, Westcombe Park Road, Blackheath, S.E. 3.
GEORGE L. WOOD, The Hoo, Hemel Hempstead.

"BP" Persian Series, No. 4

[*From an original drawing by* CHRISTOPHER CLARK, R.I.

Transporting Pipe Line in Persia

In the days before the War, when the first pipe line of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company was laid, difficulties innumerable were encountered.

One hundred and fifty miles of barren country lay between the then recently discovered oil fields and the coast. Desert plains, deep gorges and mountain passes had to be traversed. The small body of British pioneers who carried out the work were faced with privation and hardship, and often serious danger.

But the work went on. Mule after mule laden with pipe found its sure-footed way step by step further inland, until at last the vein of steel was complete, and the first of the rich crude oil of Persia flowed to the coast, en route to England.

The original pipe line has since been duplicated to meet the ever-growing demand for the Company's products, notable among which is "BP"—the British Petrol.

Refined at Llandarcy, South Wales, from the crude oil of Persia, "BP" can be relied upon to give maximum power, speed, and mileage per gallon. And the demand for it grows daily greater as motorists in increasing numbers come to realise that it is both best and British.

"BP"

The British Petrol

British Petroleum Co. Ltd., Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C. 2, Distributing Organisation of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co. Ltd.

THE YOUNG FANCIER

SARDINES TO CELEBRATE

By "THE KENNELMAN"

TO-MORROW (Thursday) will bring special divertisement for London lovers of that national institution the Bulldog, and that highly favoured and fashionable newcomer, the Alsatian. The Bulldog Club holds its Championship Show at the Drill Hall, Handel Street, Bloomsbury, and the Alsatian Wolf Dog show is at the Rink, Holland Park; both open to all comers; Baron von Forstner and Herr Otto Kampfe judging at the last-named. Next week, on the 19th, comes the great Show at Ranelagh in aid of Earl Haig's Fund — a big thing socially, as well as doggily; Bath on the 21st, Blackpool on the 23rd, and Cardiff on 27-28th. The classic Show of the year, that of the Kennel Club, will be a little earlier than usual: September 30th and October 1st, at the Alexandra Palace.

The conclusions and views of a lady fancier, aged just thirteen, should command deferential attention. Hence these extracts from a letter which has just reached The Kennelman from Bournemouth:

"My Alsatian puppy is very beautiful, and looks quite grown-up, though only eleven—months, not years. But he was terribly shy, and the gentleman sold him to us cheap because of that, though so splendid, and very pedigreed. And now he has given up being shy, and isn't in the least afraid, even of policeman or tramcars or anything. We think living with us cured him, because there are only six of us, counting the servants, and he came from a Kennel where there are 23 Alsatians, and as he was so young, too. I love Alsatians because there wide-awake and combine so many kinds. Some dogs are just dogs, and I like them least. Then there are doggy dogs, like nearly all Terriers; sport dogs, like Setters, and Spaniels; official dogs, like Dalmatians and Mastiffs; worthy dogs, like Newfoundlands and St. Bernards; business dogs, like Airedales; indoor dogs, outdoor dogs, afternoon caller dogs, like Poms and Yorkshires; intimate dogs, and dogs who only nod to you. But Alsatians are several kinds in one."

Dropping in on a doggy neighbour the other evening, I found him preparing the kennel supper, and, to my surprise, opening a tin of sardines. His special devotion is held by a lovely Irish Red Setter bitch: the perfection of line from nostril to flag-tip; the colour of a fine horse chestnut just forced from its satin-lined cradle by ripeness. The supper was to be a double celebration: Kathleen's birthday, and the expected advent, in a couple of days, of her first family. Hence, the sardines. Well, their bones are negligible, and their oil the very thing for the expectant mother.

"We have recently moved to the seaside, and bought a valuable Airedale, as guard and companion, a splendid dog; but he seems very languid and indifferent, is continually scratching, and smells disagreeable. Would sea air cause the scratching? He is most carefully fed; no meat or anything heating; plenty of bread and milk and vegetables, also porridge." And this, too, "never less than three times a day," for a full-grown Airedale, of all Dogs! The Kennelman could weep for him, but instead, implores this correspondent to substitute one snack and one meal for the daily three; but to see that the one *is* a meal; say, 5 or 6 ozs. of minced raw lean beef or mutton, with dry broken biscuit, or hound-meal just moistened (no more) with broth. Dry biscuit for the snack.

A NEW ROLLS-ROYCE

CHASSIS

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD. beg to announce that after prolonged tests they can now demonstrate and accept orders for a new 40-50 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis. Price £1850. (Long chassis, £50 extra.)

The 40-50 h.p. chassis hitherto manufactured by them will be sold as heretofore at £1850. (Long chassis, £50 extra.)

The new chassis, with overhead valves, hand operated radiator shutters and automatically controlled ignition, has a cubic contents of 7,668 c.c. At 2,250 revolutions per minute it gives 33% greater horse-power than the original type. The annual tax is £44, as against £49.

Purchasers will have the choice of ordering one of the original type of chassis, which have made a world-wide reputation for smoothness, absence of vibration, silence, trustworthiness and low cost of upkeep since their first appearance in 1907; or alternatively, one of the new chassis which retain the sweet running qualities always associated with Rolls-Royce products.

A certain number of new chassis will be reserved by the Company for demonstration purposes and to satisfy existing contracts.

Except for these, orders for the new chassis will be executed in strict rotation, which will be determined by the time of dispatch of a telegram or by the date of the receipt of a letter containing an order.

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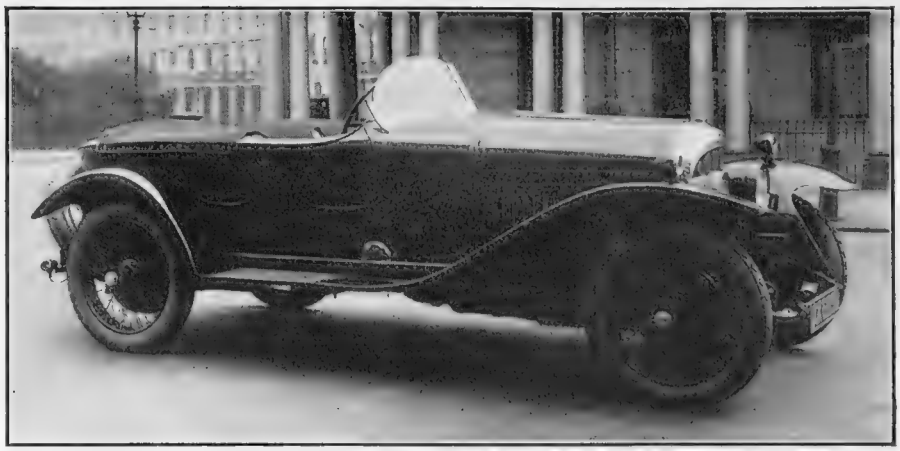
MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD

PROBABLY no car has been more eagerly awaited and more enthusiastically received than the "New Phantom" Rolls-Royce, which has just been introduced. It has been known for some time that Rolls-Royce Ltd. were engaged in the perfecting of a new car, but no one knew anything about it until the makers saw fit to release the details. The 40-50 h.p. Rolls-Royce as hitherto manufactured, will still be sold under the title of "Silver Ghost" and the "New Phantom" will in no way supersede it.

* * *

THE new car has an overhead valved engine, a new type of clutch, and represents the last word in up-to-date design. The six-cylinder engine is cast in two blocks of three with a detachable head common to all six. The valves are operated by push rods and rockers, Rolls-Royce Ltd. having found that this gives the most satisfactory results from the points of view of silence, efficiency and reliability. The Rolls-Royce patent carburetter is employed, and both battery and magneto ignition are fitted. The two ignitions are positively synchronised and are automatically advanced and retarded, with a subsidiary control on the steering wheel. The new clutch is of the single dry-plate type, with very light working parts, which facilitates gear changing. The final drive is through a totally enclosed propeller shaft to a bevel-driven rear axle. The special system of Rolls-Royce four-wheel braking is employed, controlled by a servo motor on the gear-box. These brakes function equally well forwards and backwards, while the hand-braking system is distinct from that operated by pedal.



READY FOR THE ROAD

A new Bentley sports model fitted with a sporting four-seater body. This car was sold by Messrs. Jack Withers and Co., the automobile agents of 44 Osnaburgh St., N.W.1

* * *

THE engine of the new car develops a third more horse-power than that of the "Silver Ghost." The bore is smaller and the stroke is longer, giving a slightly increased capacity. The engine is capable of a high number of revolutions per minute, and has a very wide range of flexibility. Owing to the smaller bore, the annual tax is £5 a year cheaper, although the engine develops higher power. I am shortly having a run on one of these new cars, and I am sure all Bystanders will be interested in its performance.

* * *

THE high-speed reliability trial, organised by the Junior Car Club, was not as exciting as was anticipated. Those intent on thrills went to Brooklands hoping to to see a few crashes, but they were very much disappointed. Only two cars met with accidents, one diving head first into a ditch, and the other trying conclusions with the concrete tunnel under the track, much to the disadvantage of the car. The drivers all seemed thoroughly to enjoy

(*Continued on page 530*)

Pertinent Proverbs for the Motorist

2. "An oil by any other name may *look* as good."

SHELL LUBRICATING OIL

As superior as Shell Spirit

WRITE FOR SHELL LUBRICATION GUIDE

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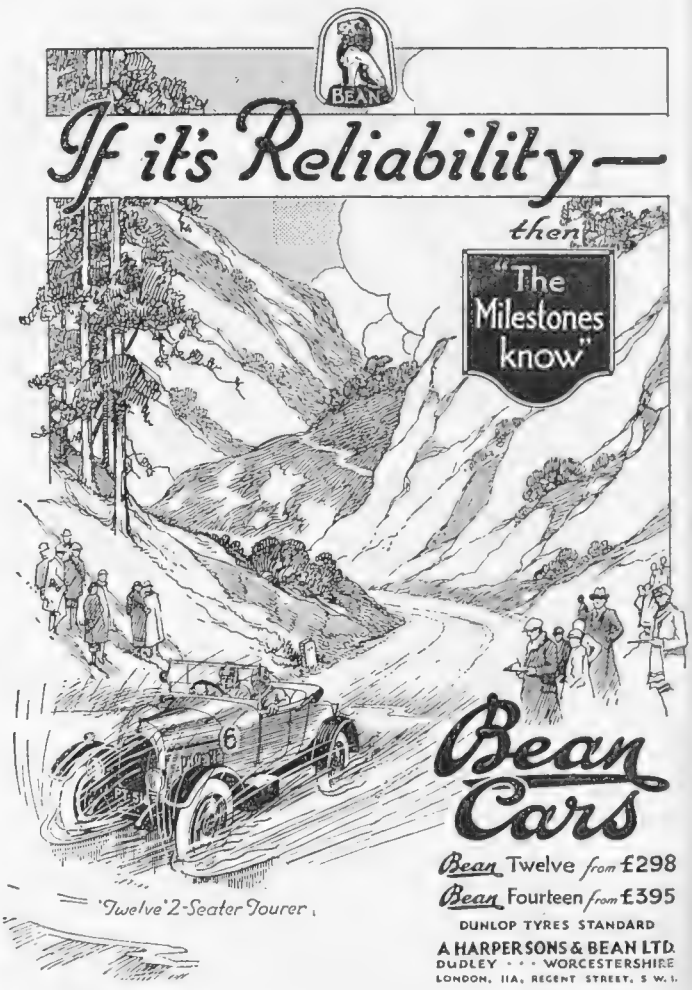

"Look at it! —and I could have saved it"

"HERE'S another fine car burnt out—another tour ruined, and all for lack of a little forethought. What a difference if I'd been there. Then I could have put out the fire at once—before the damage was done. You see I'm used for fighting blazing petrol, it's my job. I've saved thousands of cars from destruction. Don't risk riding another mile without me. I'll see that fire never leaves *you* stranded!"

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KILLS FIRE
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15/20 h.p. Saloon

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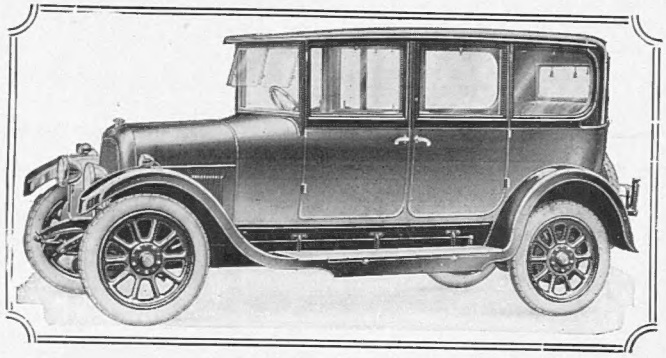

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FIAT

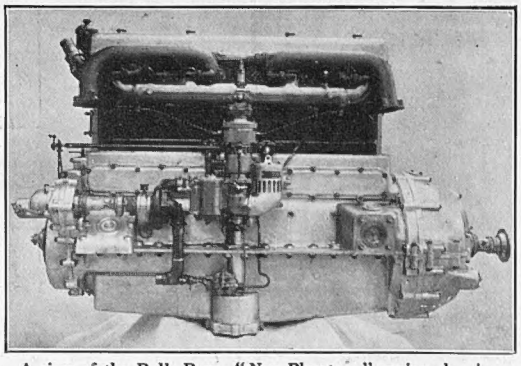
it, and it is more than probable that this trial will be made an annual affair, only possibly with stiffer conditions. Some modifications of the rules would also appear to be necessary, as one of the conditions was that the engines of the competing cars should be started three times at the completion of the trial, and that their lighting sets, etc., should also be in working order. One car finished minus a big end yet it successfully passed the final tests.

* *
*

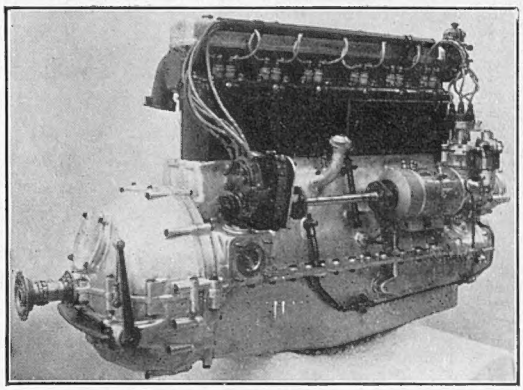
IT seems more than probable that cars not fitted with four-wheel brakes will shortly be the exception, and not the rule. The latest addition to the ranks of four-wheel brakers is the popular 12-30 h.p. six-cylinder Talbot. The four-wheel braking system adopted has been designed by Mr. Louis Coatalen, the famous automobile engineer, and will be fitted at an extra charge of £25.

* *
*

THE 1925 edition of the R.A.C. hand-book and guide is worthy of a place in the pocket of every motorist, be he car-owner or motor-cyclist. A list of nearly 2,000 principal towns and villages in Great Britain has been compiled. Under each is given the listed R.A.C. hotels, garages and repairers, the parking places where such exist, the golf courses and features of interest in the vicinity. There is also a thirty-two page atlas covering the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. The guide also contains a mass of useful information to motorists, such as a comprehensive list of Continental customs duties, a digest of the motoring laws, lighting-up tables, speeds and commercial tables, etc., etc. This guide can be supplied to non-members of the Club at the very reasonable price of 3*s.* 6*d.*



A view of the Rolls-Royce "New Phantom" engine showing carburettor, induction pipes with drains, and "Triple" oil pressure relief valve



TWO VIEWS OF THE 40-50 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE "NEW PHANTOM" ENGINE

Here the engine is seen with flexible coupling for magneto drive, ignition plugs and clutch withdrawal lever

* *
*

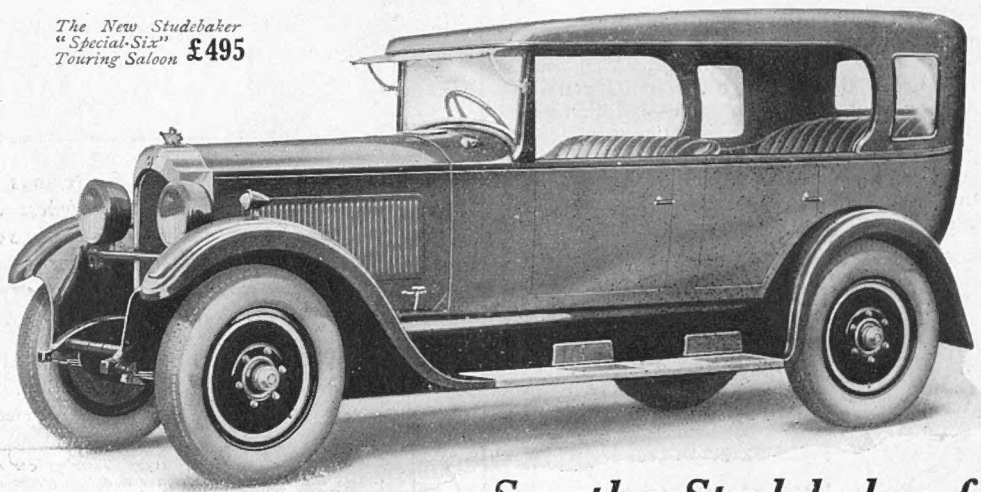
ONE of the most annoying things when motoring, is to find suddenly that road repairs are in progress in a locality with which one is not acquainted, and to have no idea of any loop roads by means of which the obstruction can be negotiated. As usual, the A.A. has realised this difficulty and is therefore erecting A.A. loopway signs on roads where repairs are in operation, to indicate by-ways clear of obstruction. These signs, by diverting through traffic, should be very helpful in expediting repairs, and they have already been approved by fifteen counties and a number of metropolitan boroughs. When approaching road repairs, therefore, motorists are advised to look out for the A.A. loopway signs.

* *
*

OWNERS, both actual and prospective, of Durant and Flint cars will be interested to hear that Durant Motors have moved their establishment from the somewhat inaccessible Slough Trading Estate to new premises at 4, Lodge Place, St. John's Wood, London, N.W.8. Here will be found the offices, sales department, stores and service department.

G. C. S.

The New Studebaker "Special-Six" Touring Saloon **£495**



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No more hurried efforts to put up hood and side curtains in the wind and storm. No more hunting for the right one while the rain beats down. In the Studebaker Touring Saloon the side curtains are instantly accessible, yet rolled up safely out of the way when not in use.

If this were the only feature of the new Studebaker, IT WOULD STILL BE OF REMARKABLE VALUE, but combined with the wonderful Studebaker Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes, balloon tyres, and a vibrationless 6-cylinder engine, it offers the greatest money's-worth obtainable.

In justice to yourself—see this car to-day or write for catalogue.

Illustrated Catalogue on request.

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The New

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WITH HYDRAULIC FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

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It waves as it grows

Lavona Hair Tonic is the wonderful liquid hair beautifier which sets about the task where most troubles start—at the roots. Lavona cleanses the scalp cells of all impurities and leaves the hair free to grow strong and beautiful, fed by the health-giving ingredients which nourish and give back to the hair its natural colour. Not only does it do this, but Lavona makes the hair wonderfully wavy—a mass of natural waves quite different to the effect that is got with hot curling tongs which dry up the hair and eventually spoil it. You can have a most enviable head of luxuriant hair in a very short time, at very little expense and with very little trouble by using Lavona Hair Tonic. There's a free gift of a Lavona Shampoo in every package.

Lavona
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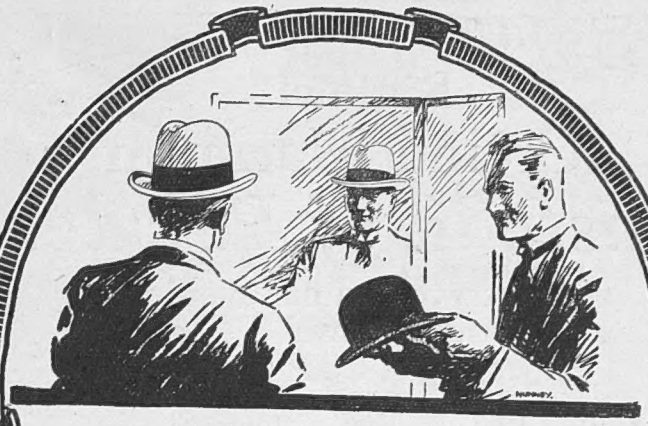

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